15 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK=£75.

215 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

P.W. COUPON

Jan. 27, 1894.

No. 184.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27, 1894. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

NEW DEPARTURE IN INSURANCE.

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS

Gives Life Assurance at Rates slightly above actual cost—that is, at less than half the usual charges of Life Assurance Companies. The Premiums are based upon "The Combined Experience Table," which was prepared by a Committee of eminent Actuaries from the Experience of 17 British Life Offices. This table of EXAMPLES gives the Cost for £400; the Average Premiums of Insurance Companies; the RATES of the I.O.F.; and the SAVING EFFECTED BY JOINING THE ORDER.

Age last Birthday.	The Combined Experience Table Per Year.	Average Cost of £400 in British Assurance Companies Per Year.	I.O.F. Table of Premiums Per Year.	Annual Saving to Members of the I.O.F.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
21	3 1 6	8 1 4	3 12 0	4 9 4
22	3 4 10	8 16 4	3 16 0	5 0 4
30	3 10 2	10 0 4	4 0 0	6 0 4
35	3 17 6	11 9 4	4 12 0	6 16 8
40	4 6 4	13 6 4	5 0 0	8 6 4
45	5 1 10	15 13 8	6 0 0	9 13 8
49	6 12 10	18 3 4	7 16 0	10 7 4

The full sum assured is payable at death. All premium-paying of ordinary members in the I.O.F. ceases at 70 years of age, when one-tenth of the amount assured is paid to them annually, the unexhausted balance being payable at death. The entrance fees are very moderate, a £100 policy costing 17s.; £200, £1 16s. 6d.; £400, £2 3s.; £600, £2 9s. 6d.; £800, £2 16s.; and £1,000, £3 5s. Court Dues (10s. to 12s. per annum) have to be paid by each member.

The Accumulated Funds amount to £160,000, of which £20,000 has been deposited with the British Government. Every claim has been paid within ten days, £328,000 having thus been paid during the last eleven years.

Chief Office for the United Kingdom:—
24, CHARING CROSS, Whitehall, LONDON.
Office for Scotland:—217, BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW,
Where Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Membership may be obtained.

Be sure and ask for "BEETHAM'S" GLYCERINE & CUCUMBER

Refuse all Imitations, many of which are poisonous.

PRESERVES THE SKIN from the effects of FROST, COLD WINDS, HARD WATER, and INFERIOR SOAPS. Entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, CHAPS, IRRITATION, &c. INVALUABLE AT ALL SEASONS of the Year FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND BLOOMING.
"BEETHAM'S" is perfectly Harmless and the *only* Genuine. Bottles, 1/- & 2/6, of all Chemists and Perfumers.
Either size sent post free for 3d. extra by the Manufacturers, M. BEETHAM and SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

UNEQUALLED FOR MAKING
SOUPS, GRAVIES, STEWS, &c.

"Brown" "Tomato" "White" "Gravine"
EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS
Economical Nutritious Pure Healthful

1-lb makes SIX Quarts of good SOUP by boiling in water for THIRTY MINUTES.

SOLD IN PACKETS AND CANISTERS.

2 PRIZE MEDALS & GRAND DIPLOMA (Highest Award) at the Chicago Exhibition, 1893.

Cookery Book Free on application to F. KING & CO., Limited, 3 to 6, Camomile Street, London, E.C.

PERFECTION OF QUALITY AND VALUE.

PRICE LISTS ON APPLICATION.

RIDGWAYS' TEAS.

King William St., City, and Branches.

Also AGENCIES in most large towns.

MONSTRE SALE OF CARPETS!

The man at the "Eclipse" Carpet Loom has been sailing through this world of wonder for many years, and is still ascending the ladder of fame and popular favour. In point of fact, you have only to write for a Catalogue, and read the equally marvellously wonderful testimonials and repeat orders given for my manufactures, from both the wealthy and artisan class; there is the same virtue and convincing truth in all of them, and they seem to vie with each other in the unstinted praise bestowed upon these Carpets. They are known everywhere, and give unbounded delight and satisfaction to housewives, bachelors, and to those contemplating marriage, they are as a surprise, joy, and comfort, unrivalled throughout the Empire. "Yes," clients say, "you are the original pioneer of cheap Carpets."

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (Chancery Division).—Hodgson *v.* Webb Brothers.—On the 18th day of July, 1890, his Lordship, Mr. Justice Chitty, granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Fredk. Hodgson's Trade Mark, "Eclipse," No. 93,774 (of Leeds).

THE WORLD'S WONDER.

"ECLIPSE" CARPETS. (Registered.)

The Largest ever sold at the Price.



Carriage Free, 4/9 each.

I will forward Direct from the Looms (carriage free) to any address, on receipt of 4/9, A GENUINE WOVEN REVERSIBLE CARPET. Suitable for Breakfast-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c., bordered and woven in colours, and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for my goods, thus saving any middle profit. Remember these are woven, not printed, and are made of a material almost equal to wool. Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have been already sold at double these prices. "Eclipse" Rug sent with Carpet, 1s. 6d. extra. *Special Offer*:—Two Carpets and Two Rugs for 10s. 6d.; Four Carpets and Four Rugs, 20s. Carriage Free. "We have never seen a cheaper article, the wonder being how the carpet can be made and sold at the ridiculously small sum."—*Exchange and Mart.* "Wonderful value for money."—*Church Bells.* Hundreds of favourable press notices from the *Christian Globe, Christian World, Christian Age, Rock, Catholic Times*, &c. Thousands of testimonials and repeat orders from my customers. Satisfaction guaranteed or *money returned.* This extraordinary offer may not be repeated. All orders despatched same day as received. *Do not miss this opportunity*

CAUTION.—All my goods are sent Carriage Free. Beware of all firms not specially stating this, or otherwise you may be called to pay heavy charges for carriage.

Portman Square, London, Nov. 23rd.
Lady Juliana Walker writes: "I am much pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs sent last week. Would Mr. Hodgson send twelve more of them? Cheque enclosed."

Mereton Cottage, Bournemouth, Jan. 27th.
G. Ballam, Esq., writes:—"Kindly send on two more 'Eclipse' Carpets with Rugs in different patterns. The last we had from you has worn well, and given satisfaction."

27, Woodhurst Road, Acton, Feb. 11th.
Hyde Martin, Esq., writes: "I am much pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpet and Rug received last month, and now enclose P.O. for 20s., and would be obliged if Mr. Hodgson would forward four more of them, carriage paid."

The Rectory, Shere, Guildford, Sept. 24th.
"The Countess Elizabeth of Winchilsea and Nottingham writes, requesting Mr. Hodgson to send her two more of the 'Eclipse Carpets' and two Rugs to match. Cheque 10s. 6d. enclosed."

Hennock, Devonshire, October 3, 1893.
M. Joll, Esq., writes: "The 'Eclipse' Carpets and Rugs have given great satisfaction. I therefore enclose you further orders with cheque value 30s. 10d. in payment."

40, St. John's Road, Rotherham, September 15, 1893.
J. Hindle, Esq., writes: "My friends are greatly pleased with the 'Eclipse' Carpets, and shall be glad to have 2 more Carpets and Rugs sent me per return. Amount 10s. 6d. find enclosed."

The Largest ever sold at the Price.



Carriage Free.

I rely entirely upon Spontaneous Repeat Orders from my Clients for the maintenance of my trade. (Established nearly quarter of a century.)

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, WITH TESTIMONIALS, FREE. TO READERS, when writing, mentioning *Pearson's Weekly* this week. Any of the above Goods sent Carriage Free to any part of the British Isles, on receipt of amount, and refunded if not as described. Satisfaction guaranteed. Cheques and P.O.'s payable to—

F. HODGSON, MANUFACTURER, IMPORTER, & MERCHANT, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

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Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Newest Designs of the Season

GREAT SALE

Full Dress Lengths from

LEATHLEY'S "WYLEYROWELL" CLOTH DRESSES

9/6

Carriage Paid

GIGANTIC ORGANISE SALE.

GREAT SALE for a SHORT TIME ONLY. 350,000 DRESS LENGTHS of Wyleyrowell, Lleal, and Super Cloths.

We will send a full dress length of our famous "Wyleyrowell" cloth, Carriage Paid to any address, during the Sale for 9s. 6d. These beautiful dress lengths have gained a world-wide reputation for their remarkable durability, strength, and elegance. They are manufactured specially for us under Mr. Leathley's personal supervision, and every guarantee that 60 nine perfect satisfaction will be given. The colours are fast, thoroughly tweed, will not spot with rain, and will wear for years and never look threadbare, while in design they are the most fashionable of the season, consisting of Checks, Stripes, Plaids, and Fancy Mixtures, all of the newest and most effective colourings. The Checks are made to imitate cure in appearance, but they are not the ordinary, they shot with silk, and were ready for the Paris Exhibition of 1893, and could be had in Paris only. The Stripes are made in the same way, and are the most effective ever introduced. The Plaids are the newest and most elegant ever seen, and the Fancy Mixtures are the most stylish and durable ever made. SALE PERIOD will terminate Christmas Eve, 1893. Address: LEATHLEY'S DRESS WAREHOUSE, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

Grand Xmas Presents. £2,400 to be GIVEN AWAY.

LEATHLEY & SON'S DEPT. OF THE DRESS WAREHOUSE, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

DERMATHISTIC CORSET

ELEGANCE! COMFORT! DURABILITY!

SPECIALITY—

BONES, BUSKS, and STEELS protected by Leather.

Of all DRAPERS AND LADIES' OUTFITTERS.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

Full detailed Illustrated Price List and samples sent post free.

INDISPENSABLE IN THE HOUSEHOLD AND THE BAKERY.

To produce the Whitest, Lightest, and most Delicious BREAD, whether you bake 1 Sack or 4 Sacks of Flour a Week, you should use

D.C.L. YEAST

Three times, used ALWAYS.

Guaranteed Pure. Made every Day.

Despatched for Trial Case.

ASK FOR D.C.L. YEAST AND ENDORSE OUR HOME MANUFACTURES.

Small Sample for Family use sent Post Free on receipt of Fourpence in Stamps, or large Sample for Bakers for One Shilling, with instructions and address of nearest agent.

USED ALL OVER THE KINGDOM.

Manufactured only by THE DISTILLERS CO., LTD., Head Office, EDINBURGH.

The Largest Distillery in the World.

Cheerful Winter Evenings.

CAMPBELL'S PATENT

GOLD MEDAL BROAD REED SCHMAR PATENT, NO SLIDE,

MELODEONS

THE PERFECT MASTICATOR.

FUN! AMUSEMENT! AND INSTRUCTION! FOR THE HOME CIRCLE OLD AND YOUNG.

LITTLETON'S IS THE MOST WONDERFUL PACKAGE OF GAMES

Ever Offered for the Most Ridiculous Sum of

POST 1/3 FREE.

The best and cheapest collection of Games, &c., ever sold for five times the amount we ask. As a means of advertisement we are willing to send Everything mentioned hereunder for the sum of 1/3, and pay the postage to any part of the United Kingdom.

THE PACKAGE CONTAINS—

Game of Authors, 48 Cards with full directions.
Set of Dominoes, in compact and handy form.
Chess and Draught Board, with men.
Fox and Geese Board, with men.
Nine Men Morris Board.
Mystic Age Tablet, to tell the age of any person, young or old, married or single.
The Beautiful Language of Flowers. Arranged in alphabetical order.
Morse Telegraph Alphabet, complete.
The Improved Game of Forfeit, for two or more. Will please whole family.
Parlour Tableaux.
Pantomime.
Shadow Pantomime.
Shadow Buff.
The Clairvoyant, how to become a medium. A pleasing game when well played.
Game of Fortune, for ladies and gents. Amuse old and young.
The Modern Writer's Friend, 275 Useful Hints, Album Verses, in prose and poetry. (New.)
50 Choice Conundrums or Riddles, with Answers. (New.)
16 Magical Experiments, for the home, including Mind Reading, Sleight of Hand Tricks, &c. Chemical Processes, Optical Illusions.
Eleven Parlour Games.
Magic Music.
And others equally pleasing.

All the Varieties in Boys, order at once, and send P.O. for 1/3 for One Package containing all the above. Six Single Packages will be sent post free for 5/6 only.

P. W. LITTLETON & CO., 56, James Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE SET OF UNEQUALLED PATTERNS.

ALL-WOOL SUITS to MEASURE 24/6 to 55/6.

IRISH TWEEDS Give the BEST WEAR.

THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY (LTD.), LIMERICK.



"MAB" RAZOR

PIANO LEARNT IN A WEEK.



HEART-DISEASE.

It is astonishing how many people imagine they suffer from HEART DISEASE. They experience a depressing feeling about the region of the Heart, accompanied by an occasional stab of pain, nervous debility, loss of appetite, and general depression. The fact is they suffer from

INDIGESTION OR DYSPEPSIA.

The food, instead of being thoroughly digested, develops into Wind, and pressing against the valves of the heart, causes the symptoms named. All who suffer in this way should at once take

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS,

A world-renowned remedy for all Stomach disorders. Try them. All sufferers from INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, WIND ON THE STOMACH, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, NERVOUS DEBILITY, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, BILIOUSNESS, &c., should avail themselves of this most excellent medicine.

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS being purely Vegetable, Tasteless and Mild and Gentle in their action, may be taken with perfect safety by the most delicate of either sex.

Of all Medicine Vendors at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or Post Free for P.O. or stamps, from PAGE WOODCOCK, LINCOLN.

SCOTCH TWEEDS ALL WOOL.

PATTERNS FREE. CARRIAGE PAID.

Write direct for Patterns of Scotch Tweeds for Gentlemen's Suitings, also CLAN TARTANS, SERGES, & HOMESPUN COSTUME CLOTHS FOR LADIES' DRESSES, in the Newest and most Fashionable Tweeds. Knee Rugs, Blankets, etc.

CURRIE, M'DOUGALL, & SCOTT, Langhaugh Mills, Galashiels, N.B. AND THEREBY SAVE TWO INTERMEDIATE PROFITS AS HERE.

Patterns must be returned within fourteen days.

FEATHER BEDS BY POST

OVER 50,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD BY US.

Money Returned if not Approved.

NEWHAM'S Celebrated Double Purified & Dust'd Lincolnshire FEATHER BEDS

No. 1.—Single Bed, Bolster, and Pillow, 6ft. 3in. by 2ft. 6in., weighing 40lbs. 40/0
No. 2.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 50lbs. 50/0
No. 3.—Double Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 4ft. 6in., weighing 55lbs. 55/0
No. 4.—Extra Size Bed, Bolster, and Two Pillows, 6ft. 6in. by 6ft., weighing 65lbs. 65/0

All the Beds are warranted New and Sweet, and made of Pure Dried Feathers, in strong Linen (Ticking) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and carriage paid to any station in the United Kingdom. Feathers only 1/- per lb. The trade supplied. All Orders executed promptly. Cheque or P.O.O. (which is secured in case of non-delivery) to be crossed and made payable to A. O. NEWHAM & CO. Send for samples of Feathers and Prices. Patterns sent free. Please mention this paper.

A. O. NEWHAM & CO., BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

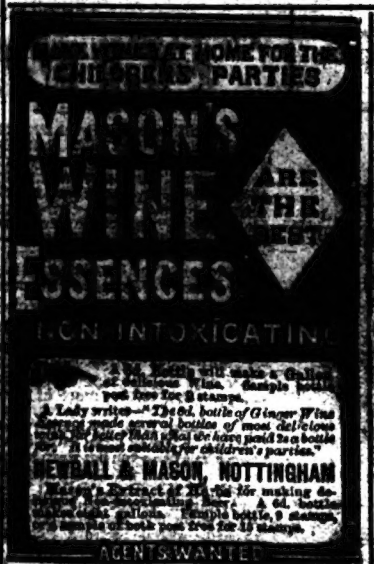
SORE THROATS

Cured in a few hours by gargling with

CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID.

Full Directions free by post from

CONDY'S FLUID WORKS, 57, TURNMILL STREET, E.C.



STANTON, [illegible]

TEETH on VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each, upper or lower set, £1. Best quality, 4s. each, upper or lower, £2. Completed in four hours when required. [illegible] alterations in two hours. [illegible] the above they are 5s., 7s. 6d. each, [illegible], extraction.

[illegible] Pen

from 74, [illegible], London, E.

ECONOMY

Useful Pamphlet should be in Every House.

Gratis and Post Free from COOKERY.

Frank King & Co., Ltd., Gainsville St.,

WILL

£20

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING THE Trade to the Public [illegible] Cigar Stock, £20 to £1000. Tobacconists' Opportunities. [illegible] Ltd., [illegible] Gazette.

Advertisements should be sent to "Pearson's Weekly" Advertisement Department, Sell's, 167, Fleet Street, London, E.C. General Offices: Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

If we succeed in pleasing you, will you reward us by handing this copy to someone when you have finished with it?

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST. TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 184.] TRANSMISSION AS BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JAN. 27, 1894. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CHILDREN COMING HOME.

THE noonday is past, and my knitting is done,
And now in my corner I sit in the sun,
And watch the white road that goes winding away
Across the blue hills to the gates of the day,
Where the pink baby clouds lie dimpled and curled,
And the violet blooms on the edge of the world,
Measure the shadows in heaven's blue dome,
And wait for the night, when the children come home.

There is some one who places a stool for my feet,
And straightens my cap, with a word soft and sweet;
But I fret at her touch—for the day is so long
Till the children come in with their laughter and song.
She says she is Marjory, but she is old
And grey—and Marjory's hair is like gold
In the sun, and her heart is as light as the foam—
You shall see her to-night, when the children come home.

Then wee baby Elsie will wake from her nap,
And come half awake to climb in my lap,
The quaint broken speech of her dear twisted tongue
Is sweeter to me than all songs that were sung!
No wonder she prattles of pixie or elf—
Her people they are—she's a fairy herself.
I must weave me a story of brownie or gnome,
To wile the long hours till the children come home.

And Hugh, with his boyish wild talk of the sea,
Will come whistling over the meadows to me,
From the fern-margined brook that runs down by the farm,
With his little toy ship tucked under his arm.
Sometimes they tell me, with quivering lip,
Of a captain named Hugh who went down with his ship;
Of a sailor whose one truant thought was to roam—
But my boy will be here when the children come home.

I listen no more to the stories they tell,
I scarcely feel sorry—I know them so well
Behind me the sunset is ashen and rose,
But my faith is the hills where the violet grows.
Straight to the sunrise! So clear are my eyes
I can see the bright jewels that wall Paradise.
I shall see, when the shadows stain heaven's clear dome,
Across the blue pavement the children come home.

AN ORIGINAL TRICK.

A MAN returning from the Transvaal recently, found it imperative to tramp to Zoutpansberg, and his whole effects for the journey consisted of a small tin of condensed milk.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him, and he started across country with his condensed milk, announcing at all the farms on the way that he was a travelling vaccinator, and with the milk inoculated all the Boers and their babies at £1 a head.

A TEST OF THE MASCULINE AND FEMININE MIND.

A COMPARATIVE test of the masculine and feminine mind has been made with rather curious results. Twenty-five women and twenty-five men of a psychological class were asked to write as quickly as possible 100 words chosen at random.

Out of the 5,000 words thus written there were only 1,266 words which occurred but once in the lists.

That the men seemed to have a wider range and originality of ideas was proven, because they wrote 746 of the words which occurred but once in the lists, while the women wrote only 520.

Only 129 articles of dress suggested themselves to the men, while the women thought of 224, and the masculine freedom from culinary cares showed itself in the fact that they set down only fifty-eight articles of food, to 179 on the feminine lists.

THE WAY TO GREET A QUEEN.

A FOREIGN minister once was persuaded against his better judgment to introduce a country woman at the Court of one of the Continental nations. It is not a part of a minister's duty to act as social sponsor for ambition, or to introduce at Court people who do not know how to behave when they get there.

But the Queen received the woman kindly, and the matter promised to end well, when imagine the minister's horror on hearing, in reply to the Queen's courteous greeting, the woman say:

"I really feel as if I had known you a long time. You know we go to the same chiropodist!"

THEY HELD WATER.

"MODERN conveniences" in case of accident often cause more trouble than the want of them. Here is a ludicrous example that illustrates it, or, at least, it shows that people who wade in indiarubber trousers must keep right side up. The story is told at the expense of a well-known minister of the Church of England, who is very fond of trout-fishing.

A friend made him a present of a pair of rubber trousers, attached to which were heavy boots, the whole arrangement forming one piece. He waded in the stream and fished, and chaffed other fishermen who didn't own rubber trousers, and had lots of sport.

At night, when they came in tired and hungry, the parson would be nice and dry, while the other fellows would be more or less wet, according to their mishaps, and, of course, would be chaffed by the happy owner of the rubber boots.

One morning they were all standing on the bank, watching him wade in deep water, and envying him, when all of a sudden he stepped on a slippery stone, and in he went head foremost.

They fished him out, and found he weighed about a ton, the water having filled up his boots and trousers to the waist. The funny part of it was that they couldn't pull off the combined boots and trousers, and so they had to stand him up on his head against a tree until the water all ran out.

It was a very undignified and uncomfortable position for a minister, made more so by the other fellows, who stood round and descanted on the great convenience rubber trousers were to a man who went fishing.

A COMMERCIAL IN THE SLUMS.

A FEW days ago I happened upon a quaint individual who can best be described as a Slum-agent, or Commercial Traveller in the Slums.

"If a man wants to sell any second-hand goods," said he, "I just sell 'em for him on commission. I do most of my work in the East-end, and as I'm well known, I'm kept fairly busy with all kinds of queer things.

"For instance, the other day a man came along with a coffin. He had made it in his spare time and wanted to dispose of it. Well, I just mentioned it as I went my rounds, and sold it within a week for twenty-five shillings to an old lady who is keeping it against the time that she needs one for herself.

"Why I once had a drunken man come round to me and ask if I could get fifteen shillings from a medical student for the dead body of his brother. But I didn't take on the job.

"I get all sorts of things from foreign sailors who come over here. A short time back a man brought me a dog with six legs, and I sold it for £3 to a private gentleman, who has a small collection of monstrosities. My profit on it was fifteen shillings and beer money. Any number of monstrosities come down to the East-end.

"Then I get a lot of tea and tobacco, which I take round the slums, selling it in ounces very often, for the Whitechapel folk don't go in for heavy weight. I charge twopence commission for every pound of tea or coffee I dispose of.

"Sometimes when a man wants to sell his coat, or his boots, or his hat, he brings 'em to me, knowing that if I take 'em on my rounds he will get more than if he went to the pawnbroker. The trade isn't very profitable, but it's steady, and I suppose I make about thirty shillings a week out of it."

See foot of column 2, page 448.

LETTER FIGURE COMPETITION.

No. 3.

YOU are asked to suppose that the letters

I.M.N.C.C.T.E.E.S.S.A.L.L.V.W.W

represent the figures

1.1.1.2.2.3.4.4.5.5.6.7.7.8.9.9

For instance, the word METE represents 1,434 (one thousand four hundred and thirty-four), and WAIN represents 9,611 (nine thousand six hundred and eleven).

The sum of Five Pounds is offered to those who make the word representing the largest number from the above letters. No letter must be used more times than it appears in the above table. All of them need not necessarily be used. The word must appear in Nuttall's Standard Dictionary. Replies must be on post-cards only, bearing the number, the word, and the name and address of the sender, nothing else.

A WORD WITH A BIRD-CATCHER.

P. W. had a talk the other evening with a suburban bird-catcher, the representative of a not very edifying calling.

"Bird-ketching requires the patience of Job," said he. "I sometimes lay down in the mud for hours, and don't get more'n a shilling for my trouble. What I do is to spread out a couple of nets in a field, fastened together like a screen.

"In the middle I puts a piping finch, tied by one of its legs to a stick. This bird acts as a decoy, its singing attracting other songsters. Then I stations myself about fifty yards away, and as soon as there's a bird in the net I ketches it by suddenly closing the apparatus with cords which I holds in my hand.

"The most paying birds are chaffinches. I ketch 'em in this way. First of all I gets a real good songster, then I buys a stuffed one and mounts it on a stick; after which I provides myself with some bits of wood and a supply of birdlime. I puts the piper in a cage and covers him over with a handkerchief, and walks slowly up and down the country lanes, my bird singing all the time.

"Chaffinches are very quarrelsome creatures, and it is not long before another fellow begins to answer the one in the cage. Well, I just finds out in which tree he is; then I sticks my dummy on a branch, smears my bits of wood with birdlime, and puts 'em close to the dummy.

"After this I puts the cage at the foot of the tree, and the singing of my bird leads the other to think that the dummy is the real songster. Presently he wants to fight, approaches the dummy, and very soon finds himself stuck to the birdlime. Then he becomes my property.

"We ketchers are the most sweated people on earth. I don't get more'n sixpence for a male lark, and as for linnets—hens—they fetch about a halfpenny apiece from the shop-keepers, though sometimes on Sundays I sells 'em in paper bags at a penny apiece.

"Singing birds, of course, are the best. There's a big demand for 'em in the East-end, and some blokes—costermongers even—won't part with theirs for a hundred pounds. Why, there's any number of singing matches on Sundays in the Shoreditch pubs., and the prizes are often as much as £50.

"The birds always know when it's a match, and sing for their very lives. I've seen one so sick at not bein' able to beat its rival, that it threw itself against the sides of its cage. Sometimes as much as £150 in bets is depending on a single match.

"Blind birds are the finest songsters, and a good chaffinch is often 'scaled'—that is to say, made nearly blind. Half-a-dozen needles are tied together and heated in a candle, after which they are held close to the eyes, bringing about temporary blindness."

A MAN went into a shop the other day to purchase a pair of boots, and after looking at several lots he chose a pair called the "Alliance Boot," which have a likeness of Sir Wilfrid Lawson stamped on the soles, and he was about to pay for them when he noticed the face, and asked the shopkeeper whose it was. On being told that it was Sir Wilfrid Lawson's he replied:

"Here, give me some other sort; these won't do for me, they will always be letting in water."

Has it ever struck you that although several thousand feet are required to make one rood, it only wants a single foot judiciously applied, to make one civil?

A GAMBLE WITH DESTINY.

By LEVIN CARNAC.

WE were sitting in an irregular sort of circle round a camp fire in the Australian Bush, about ten miles north-west of Toolamba. There were eight of us, all that had got that far out of a crowd of between sixty and seventy sheepwashers and shearers who had put in a month or five weeks' hard work, washing and shearing on Green's big station, which those who know the locality will remember is a block of about fifty thousand acres on the right bank of the Goulburn.

A couple of days before we had drawn our cheques at the station and cashed them at the store in Toolamba township. I am speaking of about twenty years ago, days when both the country and the men in it were a lot wilder than they are now. It was the rule rather than the exception then for a man who had done a spell of solid hard work on teetotal principles to hand his cheque over the bar of a liquor shop, go on the drunk, and never see daylight or starlight until he came to without a penny in his pocket after the shanty-keeper had [illegible] and told him that his cheque was knocked [illegible], and that it was time for him to get on the road and hump his swag till he found some more work.

I need hardly say that we eight were the steadiest of the crowd, seeing that we were the only ones who hadn't stopped to paint the township blue, and melt our cheques into liquor instead of cash. We'd got the money for ours, and though we'd spent some of it in stores and a few farewell drinks round, we'd brought more than half of it away with us, besides fixing up our wardrobes, such as they were, and buying a good second-hand bell-tent among us.

Such credit as there was about the business was due to an old fellow who was known among us as *Old Bendigo*, a nick-name of course, for a man up the Bush in those days often very much preferred to be known among his chance companions by any other name than his own. Old Bendigo was a man who knew all there was to be known about up-country life in Australia, and during our spell at the station, what with his yarns and his quiet philosophical way of taking things, he had acquired a very considerable influence of a very healthy sort over some of us younger members of the crowd.

This was the principal reason why, instead of kicking up ructions in the township, we had broken out into the Bush [illegible] one night on the spree, and had got on the wallaby track for the Major Plains, about eighty miles to the northward, where Old Ben, as we called him for short, promised us we should find labour scarce and money cheap for the harvesting and the thrashing.

As I said, we were sitting round a fire that we'd lit in a bit of a clearing in the Bush, ten miles down the Goulburn from Toolamba. Considering what we'd been doing overnight, we found the ten miles quite enough for the first day's tramp. It was quite far enough from the township to keep any of us from thinking of going back, and so we'd camped there for a good rest and a long sleep, so as to be fit to take the road in good [illegible], bright and early the next day.

We'd had our tea and damper and fried mutton chops just at sundown, and then we lit our pipes, and, by Old Ben's [illegible], we got out all the whisky that we had brought with [illegible] very much, I may say, for some of us had been very [illegible] and wanted to get rid of it so that we [illegible] in the morning. What with the whisky and the [illegible], too, nobody seemed much inclined to turn in [illegible], and so we had one or two songs, good old sea [illegible], which brought back to most of us memories of ships [illegible] in and distances seen in many parts of the world, from the [illegible] Forties in the Atlantic to the long, smooth [illegible] by the scented breezes which blow across [illegible].

We [illegible] all the songs out, but still nobody seemed to [illegible] of turning in. It was early yet and we wanted something more in the way of entertainment. The scene was one which [illegible] men situated as we were, with money in our pockets and no cares for the future, to take things easily and enjoy the [illegible] hour while we could.

There was the deep, solemn silence of the Bush all round us; the [illegible] sky, undimmed by a cloud and lighted with thousands of big, shining stars above us, and at our feet the smooth, dark waters of the river slipping slowly and silently past us under the great arches formed by the branches of the big gum trees that stood along either bank.

It was just the sort of scene to make men want to lie on their backs on the grass and smoke their pipes and listen to a [illegible] yarn, and so as soon as it was suggested that somebody should spin us something, with one accord we called upon Old Ben to give us one of his—a new one, if possible, but if not one of the old ones, because, just as people can read a favourite book over and over again, so we were not at all loth to hear some of his stories if necessary for the third or fourth time rather than go without altogether.

"Well, boys," said *Old Ben*, who was never called upon for a story in vain, as far as I knew him, "you have been very good [illegible] my advice and starting out on the road with me, instead of stopping and making fools of yourselves in the township, as those other chaps are doing, and so if you don't want to go to sleep I'll spin you a yarn that you haven't heard before. You may think that it's a bit of a tough-laid one, perhaps, but it's true—yes, as true as I'm sitting here and going to tell it to you, and I can't say more than that."

The old man's voice broke just a bit here, and we guessed that whatever the story might be he would have quite as much interest in telling it as we should have in listening to it.

"If there's a drop of brain-tangle left in any of those bottles you can just sling it over," he said, as he rubbed up a fill of tobacco between his leathery palms. "And as soon as I'm [illegible] up I'll get along."

By levying contributions on two or three bottles we made him up a respectable toothful, and as soon as he'd disposed of this and got his short clay—a nose-warmer we used to call it in the Bush—in full blast, he propped himself up with his elbow on his swag and began, in the plain, strong Saxon speech, which depended for its effects upon no flights of oratory or turns of expression, but just on its simple directness and the human interest which the human nature of his story invested it with.

"I thought of this yarn last night in the township when some of those fellows were playing Yankee Grab in the shanty and gambling away in a few minutes the stuff that it had taken them weeks to earn.

"It's a fool's game is gambling anyhow. As some writer said in a book I once read in the times when I used to read books: it's just a lot of chaps sitting down and leaving it to blind chance to decide which of them shall rob the others. I don't say that the man who wrote the book put it in just those words. I expect he put it a lot better than that, but still that was what he meant, and truer words never were written.

"Yes, but money isn't the only thing, or the most valuable thing that man can gamble with. Some will gamble against destiny itself, and stake position, prospects, honour, and even life itself, in the game, and generally lose after all.

"I'm going to tell you about a gamble like that, and the gambler was a young fellow that I knew very well—yes, very well indeed—about five-and-twenty years ago. That's back in the fifties, the early fifties, too, for it was only two or three years after the great rush of '49 to California, when people believed that all the Rockies were made of gold, and you only had to go and dig and blast the rocks about a bit with gunpowder to pick up more than you could carry away with you. The young chap I am speaking of was named Tom Vane, and it's no secret that he was connected with some very big people in the Old Country.

"But he belonged to a younger branch of the family, and though he was fairly well off, and had a very good start in life, he never could be content to see his rich relations with their wealth, and their titles, and their great houses in London and in the country, and think that just an accident of birth had made all the difference between him and them. What made it still worse for him was that he was a long way out of his depth in love with a girl who had a title and a fortune of her own.

"He had been educated for the army, and as he was a smart fellow with good connections and plenty of influence, there's no reason why he shouldn't have done very well, and reached both fame and fortune if he'd been content to stick to the plain, straight road that lay in front of him, and hadn't gone fooling about with the Fates and trying to prove himself stronger than they were.

"The Fates were kind enough to him, mind you, and so was the girl, for she was just as much in love with him as he was with her, and was ready to marry him on the day that he got his Company. But this wasn't good enough for Tom Vane. The road was too long for him. He wanted a short cut to fortune, and he wouldn't be content till he found it. That's the same thing as saying that he was a gambler in the biggest and worst meaning of the word.

"He made up his mind to go in for a gamble with Destiny, and he was ready to stake everything he had on the game. He got his commission in a good regiment, did a little soldiering at home, and a lot more playing for big stakes, and in little more than a year sold his commission to pay his debts of honour, mortgaged his private income of £300 a year to a Jew for £5,000 down, and, in spite of all the prayers and entreaties of his people, and the girl who would have given all her fortune willingly, and herself into the bargain, to keep him at home, he started off to the States to stake all he had in one big gamble with the Fates on the Californian gold-field.

"As anyone but himself might have expected his £5,000 didn't last him very long. The sharps in New York had about a thousand of it before he got well started for the West, and when he did get to California the other sharps out there got round him, and he bought shares in wild-cat schemes, and paid big money for salted claims, until he found himself, three years after leaving home, with a lot of experience in his head and his last fifty pounds in his pocket.

"He'd gambled right through the piece, doing as little honest work as he could help, and going blind on every scheme that promised a fortune for a little. Just about when he got to his last fifty pounds, he happened, more by a fluke than by any good intention, to get into a row with a lot of toughs who were trying to jump an old man's claim at Blue Mountain, in Nevada.

"The old fellow had struck it pretty rich, or else they wouldn't have tried to jump him; and Tom, who wasn't a bad sort at bottom, and had a lot more pluck than common sense, sailed into the scrimmage with a six-shooter in each hand, and used them so well that he cleaned the toughs out to a man, but not before the old fellow had got his travelling ticket to the other side. He had three bullets in him—one clean through the bottom part of his left lung; and as he would never see sixty again, and had lived a pretty hard life, he saw it was all up with him, and told Tom so right away.

"He lived about twelve hours after the row, and in that time he made his claim over to Tom, so that he could work it after him. If he'd stopped there it might have been all right, for the claim was a good one, and Tom might have stuck to it and gone home a rich man after all.

"But the old man, about a couple of hours before he petered out, gave him a bit of paper with a sort of map on it, and told him a story that he had heard from a Mexican who had been chums with him years before, and had got shot in a row, as people had a habit of doing in those days out West.

"This Mexican had told him what he thought a cock-and-bull story about a valley away down in Mexico by Aguas Calientes, or between there and the mountains, where there were hot springs and geysers and little volcanoes, and where he had seen gold running melted from the rocks and falling down into the hot water. He had sworn that he was the only man who knew about the place, and that no one ever went there because the people believed that the old Mexican gods had put a sort of spell over it, and that anyhow the roof of the lower regions was thinner there than it was anywhere else, and had a way of busting up every now and then and letting people through before their time had come.

"Well, the old man died, and after Tom had buried him he went to work steadily enough on the claim, and stuck to it, but the gambler's spirit was still strong on him. The worse his luck had got the more ready he had felt to play for bigger stakes than ever if he only had them. That story of the Mexican about the volcanic valley hidden away among the mountains about a thousand miles down South haunted him by day and started him dreaming by night.

"He was taking very good money out of the claim, but that story had spoilt it all for him. While he was hammering away with his pick or washing his dirt out for an ounce or so of gold a day, with sometimes a nugget or two thrown in, he kept thinking of the gold running melted in a stream down the rocks of that unknown valley.

"Then he began to ask himself why he should be sweating and labouring away at Blue Mountain when he might be in the valley, the Barranca, as the Mexican had called it, watching gold run out of the rocks and making moulds for it in the sand, as they do for the pig-iron at blast-furnaces. The more he thought about it the more certain it was that in the end he would give up his good claim and go South looking for that valley.

"He knew enough about geology and that sort of thing to know that it was quite possible for such a place to exist. All the gold in reef veins has been forced up from below into the cracks of the rocks just like lava spouted out of a volcano. Why shouldn't the gold get melted out of the reefs in volcanic regions like that valley, get collected in hollows of the rocks underneath, and then get spurted up through blow-holes like the hot water up the throat of a geyser?

"He didn't see any reason why it shouldn't, and the end of it was that he worked his claim for a month, sold it for a good price, went to 'Frisco and got a good fit-out, and then took ship to Colima. From here he worked his way inland and over the mountains until he struck the trail that was marked on the Mexican's map. To stop the natives guessing his real errand, he gave himself out as a scientific traveller going to examine the volcanic district of the highlands of the interior.

"He hired two pack mules and a guide, and the guide stopped with him for nine weeks while he was casting about to find the track, and as soon as he found out where he was really going, he stopped, as Vane expected him to do, and said he wasn't going on into that 'Devil's Land' whatever he was paid for it, so Vane bought his mules and sent him back.

"Then he started out alone, and before long came to as horrible a wilderness as there is between Pike's Peak and Cape Horn. The mountains were on all sides of him bare and bleak. He made his way through ravines and cañons strewn with great boulders, and over dry salt plains, but he never saw a living thing from day's end to day's end, and the higher and the further he went, the wilder and the drier and the more desolate did the country become.

"Still he pushed on until he passed the snow-line and got into the volcanic region. One of his mules died, but he loaded the other with all she could carry, and went on again with that trickling stream of gold always flickering in front of his eyes and luring him on. He knew that this was his last stake in the game. He either had to find the Barranca, and the gold stream in it, or else leave his bones in this horrible wilderness.

"The idea of going back never occurred to him. If he didn't find the gold-stream he didn't want to go back. The world should either see him again as a millionaire, with a river of gold that was all his own, or it should never know what had become of him. He had staked everything, life and hope, as well as money and labour, and he would win all or lose all.

"Well, after casting about for nearly three weeks after his first mule died, he really did find the Barranca. It was very much like all of them are in Mexico; a sort of little oval valley at the top of a hill, with steep rocky sides and a pretty level bottom sprinkled over with little geysers and fumaroles, or smoke-holes, that kept blowing hot, stinking, stifling gases up into the air whenever the geyser spouted, and as well as these there were a lot of little painted mounds that spouted hot mud and dirty water about two or three times an hour.

"But not a patch of green or a drop of fresh water was there to be seen. It was a horrible place to get into, even to look for gold, and when Tom Vane landed in it and looked round he felt about as lonely and miserable as a man with the gold-fever on him well could feel.

"He unloaded his mule, set up his tent in the most sheltered spot he could find, and went over his stores. He calculated that he had about enough to last him for a fortnight longer if he was very careful with it, and in that fortnight he had to win or lose, for there was no food for man or beast within miles of him. He killed his mule to save it dying of starvation, pickled its flesh as well as he could in the salt springs, and then he started out to explore the Barranca.

"For three days he saw nothing of the gold stream, and was beginning to think that after all he had wasted his last chance and given up a certain fortune only to lose his life on a wild-goose chase that had brought him to die in a desert.

"On the fourth day he was boiling his kettleful of snow-water in one of the hot springs about a mile from his camp, and wondering whether it wouldn't be better to end his misery and suspense with a bullet through his head, and have done with it, when the spring suddenly boiled up in its basin, and a mass of steaming, stinking water burst up about twenty feet into the air.

"He got away as fast as he could, but not without two or three scalds and burns, and as he was running away towards the wall of the Barranca, what do you think he saw? He saw something shining in a little hole down at the foot of the cliff. Then something came out that looked for all the world like a thick snake with scales of pure polished gold.

"He stopped and stared at it, speechless and breathless, and with his heart thumping away against his ribs fit to break through them. The golden snake came on and wriggled along the dry grey sand of the Barranca floor. There was a good twelve feet of it before its tail left the hole, and it wormed its way along as natural as life towards the salt pool that had just burst up.

"Tom saw that in a couple of minutes more it would drop into the water and be lost. He thought about this and nothing else, and as it came towards him he stuck his foot in front of it. He might as well have put his foot into melted lead. It shrivelled up the leather of his boot and had the skin off his toes before he remembered that melted gold is just as hot as any other melted metal.

Why are policemen and the literary members of our staff so unlike? We, kind friends, have to cudgel our brains to make a living, but the constable cudgels other people's with the same laudable object.

"He picked his foot up even quicker than he had put it down, and limped away crying and whimpering with pain. But what hurt a lot worse than his burnt foot was to see that twelve-foot stream of melted gold slip over the edge of the pool and vanish into the boiling water. He fairly howled with rage and disappointment when he saw that. He had seen more than a thousand pounds crawl along the sand at his feet and then drop beyond his reach before he could do anything to stop it!

"Still, he had proved that the Mexican's story was true, and that he had found a gold-mine where the gold spurted out of the rocks instead of waiting for you to dig and drill after it. As this thought came to him he forgot the pain of his foot and limped to the hole that he had seen the stream come out of. He was so mad with his discovery that he threw himself down beside it to examine it without even thinking that another jet might come out at any moment and blind him or burn him to death.

"He found a lot of little spangles sticking round the inside of the mouth of the hole, and it didn't take him long to find that these were nothing but the purest of pure gold. There's an old fable, I believe, that tells us about a river of gold. Well, this hole was the mouth of just such a river, and the first thing Tom Vane did before he even attended to his burnt foot, was to take his big-bladed Mexican knife and dig a channel from the hole away from the pool. On the other side of this he heaped up a little dyke of sand and bits of tuff-rock, and then he dug out a long, narrow trench, and led the channel into it.

"When he had done this, he went back to his camp and cut off his boot, and got some oil and flour on his burnt toes. But he had hardly made himself a bit comfortable before he heard a rumbling, hissing sound, and saw a geyser two hundred yards away from him burst up in the usual way. Naturally he looked towards the other one where he'd seen the gold stream.

"That was bursting up too, and an idea struck him. He fixed up a sort of crutch out of a long-handled spade, and limped away back to see if anything had happened. And something had happened and just what he expected. He had guessed that the flow of the gold was caused by the same force that made the water flow, the explosion of gases or something down in the bowels of the earth, for when he got back to his trench it was full of gold.

"That sounds a bit tough-laid, I know, boys, but it's true—yes, as true as gold was made to be the curse of some men and the blessing of others. When it was cool enough to take out Tom found he had a lump of gold weighing a good half hundredweight.

"No, he didn't go mad—at least not just then. He got a cold chisel and a hammer, and he cut the big bar of gold up into chunks weighing about five pounds each. Then he forgot all about his foot again, and turned to with a spade and heaped up a regular wall between the hole and the pool so that he could be sure that not a drop of the liquid gold would be wasted, and dug more long, narrow trenches so that it could go on flowing and always be caught.

"When he went back to his camp he seemed to be walking on air in spite of his burnt toes, and that night, as soon as it got a bit cool, he got his blankets and billy can and shifted his quarters to the gold hole. He slept there that night—or at least he lay down and dreamt dreams of riches such as no man had perhaps ever dreamt before with such good reason.

"Four times during the night he heard the hot spring spout, and every time he got up to find the golden river had filled another of his trenches. By the morning he had nearly a quarter of a ton of gold to chop up.

"Now, two hundred thousand pounds in gold weighs just about a ton, and if you'll figure that out you'll find that in that one evening and night he had piled up fifty thousand pounds' worth of metal. He had come out top after all in his last gamble with Destiny. Fortune was tired of frowning on him and had begun to smile at last; at least, that's how he took it.

"He thought even then a bit bitterly of all the millions of pounds' worth of liquid gold that had dropped into that hole of boiling water since the Barranca had been as it was. But if that was lost there was plenty more to come, and it did come. Four and five and six times a day, and as many times a night, the hot spring spouted and the gold stream flowed, and every time he found twenty and thirty and forty pounds weight of gold in the trenches.

"In a week he had more than a ton stowed away in blocks in a cave that he had found in the side of the Barranca. That week had changed him from something like a pauper to a man worth over £200,000. At this rate a month would make him a millionaire, and twelve months would see him one of the richest men in the world. But the game wasn't up yet, and Destiny hadn't played its last card.

"The gold was there all right, and wealth was rolling in upon him at the rate of four or five thousand a day. But meanwhile his food was running short, and gold isn't much use to a man who hasn't anything to eat. There was nothing for it but to leave it to take care of itself while he went down again into the lower country to get provisions and buy mules to carry some of his gold away down to the coast.

"It was like leaving his heart behind him to leave all that treasure there and tramp fifty or sixty miles to the nearest village. But he had to do it, and he did. He had dollars enough left to buy all he wanted, and so he had no need to betray himself. He was away ten days, and got back to the Barranca with two mules out of three that he bought.

"He was pretty nearly mad with excitement and anxiety about his treasure as he drove his mules up to his camp. He knew no human soul ever went near the place, and yet he had been haunted all the time by a fear that someone would go and steal his gold, though no one but himself knew anything about it. But it was all there, every lump of it, and the stream had been piling up more thousands for him every day he had been away.

"And now he had over two tons of gold, or more than half a million in sterling money, lying in his trenches and hidden in his cave. He had brought fodder enough for his mules to see them back to the pasture, and his plan was to load them up with gold packed up in rough sacking, so as to look like anything but treasure, and work his way down to San Luis Potosi, and then on to Tampico, on the Gulf Coast, where he could take ship for New Orleans.

"You'll scarcely believe me, perhaps, but that night he was so far mad about his gold that, although there wasn't one chance in a thousand of anyone being within twenty miles of him, he mounted guard with a loaded rifle and a brace of six-shooters in front of the cave where it was hidden, and from sunset to sunrise he tramped up and down like a sentry, straining his ears and his eyes for any sound or sight of thieves and trespassers that never came.

"The sun rose at last, and he got his breakfast and fed his mules and started to load up. It was then that Destiny played its last card, and trumped his trick for good and all. He had got the first mule about half loaded when the brute pricked her ears, and then laid them back on her head and stood with her four legs spread out and her eyes starting from her head, and every limb trembling as though she had the palsy. He looked at the other one, and it was doing just the same.

"Then the hot spring just close by burst up as he had never seen it do before, sending a great stream of water nearly a hundred feet into the air. The boiling water came splashing down, and some of it fell on him and the mules. The animals gave a snort of terror, broke loose, and scampered away over the floor of the Barranca, until one of them put her foot in a hole and went down with a broken leg, and the other, shying from a spout on one side of her, plunged clean into a hot pool on the other.

"The poor creature's screams of agony recalled Tom to his senses, for he had been standing staring about him like a man half dazed. Then he saw that something bad was going to happen. The hot springs were all spouting at once, and the air of the Barranca was full of steam and gases, which made him gasp for breath.

"He looked to see what the gold hole was doing, and saw it spouting the yellow stuff out by the hundredweight. The sight fascinated him, and kept him staring at it till he forgot everything else that was happening. Then he began to laugh and clap his hands and shout at it, telling it to give him more and more, for he wanted to be the richest man on earth, and would never have enough of it.

"He got his spade and dug big holes for it to run into, and danced round them while they filled, singing bits of songs and shouting to all his friends at home to come and see how rich he was getting, and how he had won after all in his big gamble with Destiny.

"And while he, going on like this, and his poor mule was being boiled to death in the hot spring he thought he saw the wall of the Barranca above his gold hole begin to rock about. He thought he was mad, and so he was, but the cliff was rocking for all that. Then the ground heaved up beneath his feet. The geysers and mud volcanoes hissed and roared louder than ever, and then came a shock which seemed to split the mountains open, and he fell, unconscious and half-stifled, to the ground.

"When he came to himself again it was nearly sundown. A cool, fresh breeze, very different from the hot stifling air of the Barranca, was blowing down from the snows of the mountains above him. More by instinct than anything else he groped in his pocket for his flask, and found it. He had filled it that morning, ready to start, so he took a good drink of whisky, and that brought him round a bit.

"He scrambled up to his feet and looked about him with no more notion where he was than if he had been dropped from a balloon in the middle of the Bush here. The Barranca had disappeared. There were no cliffs, no hot springs, and no mud holes. There was just a wilderness of grey broken-up rocks and stretches of brown dry sand, and a few hillocks of black mud here and there.

"He stood and stared about him, half blind and sick with fear, for a good ten minutes, and then the thought of his gold came to him, and he started out to look for it. He might just as well have looked for it in the salt desert of Utah as there. Not a single land-mark remained for him to recognise the place by. The earth had opened and swallowed his millions up as though they had been dropped into the sea. His ugly luck had stuck by him to the end, and Destiny had won the gamble after all."

The old man stopped and sat staring at the dying embers of the fire, while we looked at him in silence, and one or two of us thought we saw something like a tear roll down his thin brown cheek. Then one of the boys spoke up and said:

"But, Ben, you haven't told us yet how Tom Vane got out of it after the earthquake, or how you came to hear the story."

"No, lad, I haven't," he replied, as though waking up from a dream. "But it won't take many words to do that. Tom Vane left the place where the Barranca had been a harmless chattering madman. He said to himself that his gold was all right, and the earth would keep it safe for him until he could come back, and so he started off, without a care on his mind, on tramp down the mountain.

"He walked on till he dropped, and then he was picked up by a half-breed, who was out after bussards on one of the lower slopes. You know those fellows think that anyone out of his senses is under the special protection of the saints, and so he took care of him, and at last handed him over to the Mission Fathers at St. Nicholas.

"They found about three pounds' weight in bits of gold about his pocket and in his belt, and seeing that he was English and without friends they sent him on to Tampico and took him a passage to New Orleans, where the British Consul got him into the hospital, and there, six months later, he woke up again in his right senses with nothing left out of his gamble with Destiny but the recollection of being somewhere away up on the Mexican wilderness, one of the richest men in the world for a fortnight, and the knowledge that the earth had taken back what it had given to him, and that his millions were lost for ever, deep down in the bosom of the earth whence they had come.

"That's all, boys, except that if Tom Vane hadn't got away from the Barranca and come to his right mind again in New Orleans hospital, I shouldn't have been telling you this story to-night. No, I didn't go home, and I haven't been since. They think I'm dead. And I'd sooner they thought that than know I'm alive. If I'd come out top in that gamble it would have been different, but I didn't."

WAS NAPOLEON I. A GERMAN?

WHEN George the Third was at war with Napoleon it was the fashion among English Tories to call the great Frenchman "The Corsican Usurper." M. Peyre, in his book on the founder of the House of Buonaparte, has carried this idea to a more distressing extreme.

The Buonapartes were not of French, nor even of Corsican, but, awful idea, were of German origin! M. Peyre has some repute as an historical scholar, and he has proved on documentary evidence to his own satisfaction that the founder of the Buonapartist Empire, like the founder of the Frankish Empire, the new Charlemagne as well as the old, was a child of Germany.

The Cadolinger family flourished in Genoa from the eleventh to the fourteenth century. They were German immigrants, who followed the Holy Roman Kaisers over the Alps, and [illegible] success among the Italians. They were steadfast Ghibellines, always took the side of the Emperors against the Popes, and their sympathies were popular and [illegible].

They stood [illegible] as "The Good Party"—*buona parte*. The Cadolingers were, in fact, "Buonaparte" in reality [illegible] before a branch of their family resolved to become Buonaparte in surname. By degrees they lost their power and wealth. Some members of the Cadolinger family entered into the service of the well-known St. George's Bank, which owned landed property outside Genoa, and among other places, in Corsica.

The Cadolingers who settled in Corsica adopted the old political nickname as their surname. To these Italianised Cadolingers Napoleon Buonaparte's ancestry is traced by M. Peyre.

HOW THE VERY POOR HIRE THEIR CLOTHES.

P. W. had an interesting interview last week with a Polish rag-dealer, an emaciated creature who lends old clothes to the destitute.

"There are plenty of folk down here who don't own the clothes on their backs," he remarked. "What I do is to buy rags and old garments and let them out on hire. In my rounds I meet plenty of men who can't go out and seek work because they haven't sufficient clothes; their wives, who are seamstresses, earning about seven shillings for ninety-six hours' work, pay the rent.

"In cases like these I lend a suit of clothes for a day or half a day as they are wanted. For the loan of a suit for a day I charge sixpence, for a complete rig-out, including boots and a hat, I want eightpence. I don't require any deposit, for the simple reason that I couldn't get it if I did.

"Even sixpence is too much for some people to pay at once, and I frequently have to take it in instalments. I sell old boots at a shilling a pair, and many of my customers pay for them at the rate of threepence per week. Occasionally I let a pair out on hire for a morning, charging tuppence for the favour.

"This arrangement is of great service to the destitute, because if they hadn't some fairly decent clothes to show up in, no one would ever employ them. I've seen as many as three men of a morning unable to leave their lodgings on account of having practically no clothes whatever.

"Another branch of my business is to hire out garments for weddings and funerals. I often lend an Ecclender a suit of clothes to get married in. I charge fifteenpence for a job like this, and the man has to give an undertaking to return the clothes the same evening."

15 MORE INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID = £75.

MR. W. J. HURN, 11, Polebarn Street, Trowbridge. Leg broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. J. W. CHANDLER, 29, Arthur Road, Brixton, S.W. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. J. LOWE, 4, Brookside, Whitwell, I. of W. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. T. HODGETH, 197, Clifton Road, Aston, Birmingham. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. C. RICHARDS, 8, Northernhay, Dorchester, Dorset. Leg broken. Football. Dec. 9th.

MR. G. BARNETT, 40, Dent Street, West Hartlepool. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. G. WALLS, "Gorgie Mills," Edinburgh. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 2nd.

MR. A. HILL, 2, Joy Street, Barnstaple, Devon. Collar-bone broken. Football. Nov. 30th.

MR. W. MCFARLANE, Merry Street, Motherwell. Leg broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. R. V. DOWNTON, 12, Albany Terrace, North Street, Wilton. Arm broken. Football. Dec. 16th.

MR. G. WINDSOR, 4, Wolsley Road, Beddington Corner, Mitcham. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 9th.

MR. G. HILLIER, 5, Mansion Court, Wood Street, Old Brompton, Chatham. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 18th.

MR. J. GODWIN, 6, St. Smithens Place, Walcot, Bath. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 23rd.

MR. J. H. VILLAR, 48, Berkeley Road, Bishopston, Bristol. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 26th.

MR. S. SHARP, Venny Bridge, Crewkerne. Collar-bone broken. Football. Dec. 20th.

Each had a signed coupon at the time of accident, and the Ocean Company have forwarded each a cheque for £5.

More paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY than to those of any other penny paper published in the world.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

1790. In which Part of the World is the Variation Between the Day and Night Temperature the Greatest?

If it were not for the aqueous vapour in the air the heat from the sun which reaches the earth during the day would escape as soon as night [illegible]. It is owing to this fact that the greatest [illegible] day and night temperature is found in places [illegible] is the least moisture in the air. This is in [illegible] deserts comprising the Sahara and the [illegible]abia, Persia, Gobi, and Mongolia. A well-k[illegible]her says that in the Sahara the range of t[illegible]e within the twenty-four hours is the greatest k[illegible]. He continues: "It is the part of the earth where the heat is most intense. There is only one season, summer, burning and merciless; rain rarely refreshes these regions, on which the sun's rays dart vertically down. Part of the sufferings of the traveller in these regions come from the coldness of the nights. The air being destitute of aqueous vapour the heat collected during the day is lost by nocturnal radiation. Ice is formed on the ground sometimes. During his travels in the country of the Tonareys, Duveyrier observed a difference of more than 129° F. between the lowest temperature, 24° F., and the highest, 153° F., but it is probable that the real difference between the extremes of heat and cold amounts to at least 144° F."

1791. Which English King was Most Essentially "the Man of the Age" in which He Lived?

Charles II. The high-strained enthusiasm of the Puritan revival was followed by a reaction, in which fervour gave place to indifference, belief to scepticism, and precision to voluptuousness. Charles II. was the creature of this reaction. He was the concentrated essence of English Society. He was indifferent to religion till he was startled into Romanism by the approach of death. He disbelieved in the sincerity of the clergy, the virtue of woman, and the honesty of the world at large. He held that all men and women had their price, and he illustrated his theory by selling himself and England's honour to Louis XIV. for an annual pension. His very virtues were the result of relaxed moral fibre. He was good-humoured, because he did not care how things went; he was indulgent, for it was easier than to persistently refuse; he was placable, because he was indifferent to moral distinctions. Charles was also infected with the taste for scientific research, which was then coming into fashion. He founded the Royal Society, he sometimes attended its meetings, and he often worked at a chemical laboratory which he had set up in Whitehall. The character of Henry VIII. was also a strikingly faithful reflex of the times in which he lived.

1792. Are there any Satisfactory Reasons for Believing that the Moon was ever Inhabited by Beings Similar to those which Dwell on Earth?

No. The balance of evidence appears to be quite against such a supposition. The moon may have been inhabited by living beings, but if so they must have been very different to the terrestrials. The reason is to be sought in the difference in the bulk of the two bodies. Lunar gravity is only one-sixth of terrestial gravity, hence if the moon ever had an atmosphere it would only be about one fiftieth of the density of ours, and we know of no terrestrial creature that could breathe such an atmosphere. This, too, would mean an enormous difference in temperature, and all those physical conditions which most intimately affect life. Then, again, it is very doubtful whether the moon retained water or an atmosphere or its internal heat long enough for forms of life resembling those on earth to evolve, as most scientific men say they did. An enormous lapse of time is necessary for this, and the moon possessing only one forty-ninth of the bulk of the earth would probably have radiated its heat into space before the slow processes of Nature could have evolved anything but the most humble and rudimentary forms of life. The probabilities are therefore in favour of the assumption that the moon has never supported life in the terrestrial acceptation of the term.

1793. On which Occasion has an Act of Personal Devotion had the Greatest Effect upon the Issue of a Battle?

On July 9th, 1386, Leopold Duke of Austria, with 4,000 men, attacked the Swiss, who numbered only 1,500. Owing to the nature of the ground the action of cavalry was impossible, and the Austrian horsemen therefore dismounted and formed themselves into a strong and compact phalanx. This was repeatedly attacked by the Swiss, but the wall of steel proved impregnable, and though many of the Swiss fell, none of the Austrians were killed. At last Arnold von Winkelried, a Swiss knight, commending his wife and family to his comrades, rushed forward alone, crying, "Make way for freedom!" grasped in his arms as many as he could reach of the spears thrust at him and bore them to the earth with his weight. His fellow-soldiers immediately rushed over his body into the breach thus made in the wall of spears, slaughtered a great number of the Austrians, who were encumbered with their armour, and gained a decisive victory. By this they finally defeated the Austrian efforts to subdue them and ensured their own independence. The battle is known as the Battle of Sempach, and the anniversary is still celebrated by religious ceremonies on the field of battle.

1795. Which of the Rivers of the World has its Source at the Greatest Elevation?

The highest sources of rivers must be looked for in the lofty mountains that surround the great plateau of Tibet, for none in other parts of the world can approach them in elevation. So great is the difficulty for Europeans to explore this country that nothing is known of the sources of such rivers as the Hoang-ho and Yang-tse-kiang, except that they flow from lakes 13,500 feet above sea level. The highest known source of any river is that of the Sanpo, as the main stream of the Bhramaputra is called, which issues from the sacred lake, Manasarowa, at an elevation of 15,300 feet. From neighbouring lakes issue also the Indus and the Sutlej, and it is estimated that the streams that feed these lakes have their sources in glaciers situated from 3,000 ft. to 4,000 ft. higher in the mountains. Any one of these rivers will, therefore, serve to answer the question, though the probability of its having the highest source lies with the Sanpo.

1795. Ought a Cough to be Encouraged or Resisted?

Coughing is, as a rule, not so much a matter of choice as of necessity. When the former is the case, the desire to cough is probably induced by some throat irritation, more or less severe, and should be resisted, as the constant "hacking" tends to increase the already existing inflammation. In cases of lung disease, or inflammation of the air tubes (bronchitis), the cough cannot be restrained for any length of time, nor is it policy to attempt to resist it, as the morbid matter thereby frequently removed is perfectly superfluous, prejudicial to comfort, and would, were it allowed to remain, be also prejudicial to health. Some coughs, again, are almost purely nervous, and these ought to be resisted as far as possible. The fact that a sudden shock will often stop such a cough, completely proves that it does not arise from the presence of foreign matter which must be removed. So, too, the consumptive cough should be kept within bounds as far as possible, especially in the advanced stages of the disease, as its effect is rather to wear out the patient than to give relief. On the other hand, the cough of a child should never be stopped. When a child coughs there is always something to be got rid of, and Nature should be allowed to do her work in her own way.

1796. Which is the Best Instance in Nature of the Adaptation of Food to the Consumer?

That of the silk-worm and the mulberry tree is absolutely unique. The mulberry leaf is the only food that the silk-worm will willingly eat, and the silk-worm is the only creature that will eat the mulberry leaf unless compelled to do so by necessity. A country may be devastated by locusts, caterpillars, grasshoppers, army worms, and similar pests, but if it contains mulberry trees these will be left while everything else is devoured, and nothing but starvation will compel the invaders to tackle the mulberry leaf, without which the silk-worm, perhaps the most important insect, industrially speaking, that exists, could not flourish. It is the food which Nature seems to have specially designed for it. Other curious instances may be found in the ant-eaters and their prey, but here the adaptation is rather the other way about. The ant-eater can eat nothing but ants, and it is specially adapted to do so. At the same time it is the excitable and belligerent qualities of the ants which adapt them as food to the ant-eater. If they had the sense to avoid the long, slimy tongue of their enemy he would go without his meal, but instead of doing this they rush at it in thousands the moment it is intruded into their dwelling, and so adapt themselves to their own destruction.

1797. Which Reigning Sovereign Possesses the Least Actual Control over the Affairs of His or Her Country?

All things considered, the answer must be the occupant of the British throne. Nominally, the Queen is Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, and Sovereign of the Colonies. As a matter of fact, if all her functions were abrogated to-morrow, there would be no hitch in the working of the governmental machine. At home, the actual ruling power is divided between the Lords and Commons, while the executive is wholly vested in the Law Courts. The Queen's Speech is a party programme, and the Royal Assent a formality of automatic action. In India, the real sovereign is the Viceroy, and the executive his council, while the Colonies are, to all intents and purposes, self-governing. Such control as the Queen really possesses is of a purely social nature. The state of affairs which would be produced by a British Sovereign putting the Royal veto on a Bill that had passed both Houses of Parliament, is as inconceivable as would be an attempt to promulgate a new law by Royal authority alone. In many countries, for example, Spain, Italy, Greece, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, and Denmark, the direct control of the Crown is rapidly diminishing, but with us it has already reached the vanishing point. In the true sense of the word, the President of the American Republic is far more a King than the titular ruler of Britain is a Queen.

1798. Is it true that when a Railway Line Runs North and South the Eastern Rail Wears out before the Western One? If so, Why?

If the railway consists of a single line, so that as many trains go north as south, the rails will wear out equally. But if there is a double line of rails, then on the line on which the trains travel from south to north the eastern rail would theoretically wear out first, and on the other line the western rail. For a train starting, say from the south, will have a certain velocity round the earth owing to the earth's revolving round its axis from west to east. The farther north the train gets the slower does this velocity from west to east become. The force applied to retard this velocity is applied to the flanges of the carriage wheels by the eastern rail, the friction on this rail will consequently be the greater, and, theoretically, it ought to wear out first. Similarly, on the other line, the western rail applies the pressure needed to accelerate the speed of the train from west to east. On calculating out the pressure needed to alter this velocity over a hundred yards of rail it is found to be a negligible quantity. So that, practically, the rails will wear away at the same rate. The smaller pressure on the western rail also causes it to "creep," or draw southward, faster than the eastward one.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

1821. Which outbreak of epidemic disease has had the greatest economic effect on our history?

1822. Which is the stormiest region of the ocean, and why?

1823. How many examples are there on record of an author's works falling into oblivion, and becoming popular again?

1824. Which is the most striking historical proof of the saying, "The child is father to the man"?

1825. Which place on earth has the shortest twilight?

1826. Is there any explanation of the fact that large cities almost invariably grow towards the west?

1827. Are rainbows ever seen elsewhere but in the air?

1828. What proof is there that the Mediterranean was once entirely landlocked?

1829. Which at present accepted scientific theory rests upon the most slender basis?

1830. Which feature in the human face first shows signs of approaching old age?

A Boon for Professional and Mercantile Men not Provided for by a Life Insurance Policy:

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Readers of *Pearson's Weekly* will be interested to learn that the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited, are now transacting the above class of business.

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AT THE PLAY—AND AFTER.

I.

THE popular actress, Rosalind Reese,
Was filling the part of the faithful wife
In a highly affecting domestic piece
As ever you've seen in your life.

There was never a woman more virtuous than
The lady that Rosalind Reese portrayed;
In the sorrowful episodes many a man
And several women their tears displayed.

And a young wedded couple were so much impressed
At the heartrending doings of act the third.
Said the husband: "There's nothing I so detest
As neglecting a wife." And his bride averred

That wifely devotion was sweet to see
And womanly patience and feminine tact.
"You are right, my beloved," responded he,
And the curtain rose on the final act.

And a vigorous chap in a gallery seat,
Applauded with zeal at the well-known line:
"The infamous scoundrel who ever would beat
A woman, shall not put his hand in mine!"

II.

And the Benedict went to his club that night;
His bride, in a rage, alone retired,
And carefully turned out the hall-way light,
So he tumbled upstairs as her heart desired.

And at morn in the justice-shop hard by
Stood the gallery man in the public gaze.
A woman was there with a blackened eye,
And the judge remarked to the man: "Ten days!"

And the actress supped on wine and a bird
With a heavy young swell, when the play was through;
While her husband was playing in "Richard the Third,"
To an empty house in Kalamazoo.

RESCUING FROM BROKEN ICE.

SKATING is one of the best of sports, and it is also one of the most hazardous. It is always best when the ponds and canals are first frozen, but that is likewise the time when the ice is of unequal thickness and strength because of currents and springs below. The weak places in the ice are called air-holes; they constitute the chief dangers in skating and travelling until they are marked by boughs set in the ice.

One afternoon I saw a skater plump into one of these dangerous places, when suddenly another, observing the accident, pulled off his coat, and as he skated past the man in the water, tossed it toward him, who caught the sleeve and was dragged out by the impetus with which the other was going.

The feat was done so cleverly that I asked the performer if he had been accustomed to save persons in that way, and he told me that he had pulled many men out of air-holes, and that, provided one is a good skater and can get near enough to the individual, there is no more ready and efficient method.

ASHANTI AND FANTI.

THE Ashantis of the West Coast of Africa are a brave, fighting people. Lord Wolseley says that they have been made so by a physical education which appeals to the dread of bodily punishment. If in battle the Ashanti turns to fly, he encounters close behind him men who are on the look-out to kill every coward. Should these men in the second line fail to do their duty, there is a third line of subaltern officers, who will kill them and the runaway coward.

If the commanding general fails to gain a victory, he answers for his failure with his head when he returns to his king at Coomassie.

The Ashanti in the front fighting line feels that he incurs less risk by going forward than by running away. The refrain of the war-song, which they sing in a shouting voice when going into action, expresses this feeling:

"If I go forward I die,
If I go backward I die;
Better go forward and die."

The principle of fear has so converted the Ashanti into a brave warrior that individual Ashantis often displayed in their battles with British troops, a cool courage worthy of men to whom political liberty is dear.

The Ashantis once made an attack on a British post and were repulsed. General Wolseley sent a party in pursuit, who found the Ashanti camp guarded by a few scattered men, the main body having fallen back to gather food. One of these men remained alone within five yards of the road along which the British were advancing, and coolly fired into them.

Another was discovered, as the party advanced, standing in an open pathway, who with the utmost coolness levelled his gun at the officers leading the party and fired at them.

As a contrast to the effect of this stern discipline, Lord Wolseley mentions the fact that the mild British rule, under which the Fanti tribes have lived for generations, "has left them the contemptible cowards they are by nature."

"FALSE DOCTERING."

EVEN clergymen who preach plain sermons sometimes find that their hearers have misunderstood them. The speech of educated men is so different from the dialect of the street, with which they are familiar, that he who speaks it is not sure of having reached the comprehension of those who use only the everyday language of the people.

A clergyman in Yorkshire visited a sick parishioner, who would not spend a penny more upon a doctor, but who was taking a cheap quack medicine that was doing him harm.

"My dear Mrs. ——," said the clergyman to the wife of the sick man, "your husband is killing himself with those pills. It's a case of suicide—a downright sin!"

"Yes, sir," replied the tearful wife, "I know it, and many and many's the time I've prayed against it in the church service."

"In the church service?" rejoined the minister, a little doubtfully. "You mean where we pray for the sick?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied. "I mean where we always say in the Litany, isn't it? 'From all false *doctoring*, good Lord, deliver us.'"

The ignorant woman really thought that the "false doctrine," from which she prayed to be delivered, was the taking of quack medicine, such as her husband was doing.

GO-BETWEENS.

THE go-betweens in China are a remarkable institution. Every kind of important business is transacted through their agency. If the system is peculiar it is quite indispensable. They cannot be abolished. In China there are few "dailies" or "weeklies," and the middleman is a perambulating newspaper, an advertising medium, a living intelligence office.

The go-between's is an acknowledged profession in China. All business is done through their hands except that which transpires between the retail man and his customer.

The go-betweens are both male and female. As a rule, they each take up a peculiar line of business. In their special branch, they know all that there is to be known.

Their total commission is five per cent. on all transactions. Three per cent. from the buyer, two per cent. from the seller.

The go-between spends his time in the streets, or docks, or law courts, imbibing all the information that he can pick up or extract by cross-examination.

It is obvious that both buyer and seller are more or less at their mercy. The facility which is offered them for deception, both as regards prices and quality, is one of the worst features of the system. As there are no newspapers, there are no prices current.

There are go-betweens in the sale and purchase of rice, oils, medicines, cloths; there are go-betweens in the sale and purchase of land, houses, and established businesses. There is nothing, in fact, which they do not undertake, from finding suitable wives for marriageable young men, to buying and selling slaves.

In important transactions, such as the sale and re-letting of houses, betrothal, etc., the signature of the go-between is essential to the validity of the written instrument.

This peculiar system is likely to continue in China until a substitute is found in the establishment of newspapers—a period which seems to be indefinitely remote.

"I KNOW I'm a little irritable, John, but if I had to live my life over again, I'd marry you just the same."

John: "H'm, I have my doubts about it!"

"ENGLISHMEN owe a good deal to the tailor," says a journal of the tailoring trade. Quite so; and there is no doubt that the tailor would be very much pleased to collect it if he could.

VISITOR: "Is that your little son in the next room whistling 'I Want to be a Soldier of the Cross'?"

Fond Mother (making for the door): "Yes, he's trying to drown the sound of the key turning in the pantry door."

YOUNG Mother (to herself): "I don't see why it is that baby doesn't talk better. He's a very backward child."

Same mother (five minutes afterwards): "Diddee ittee tootsie waken up, zee pittie ittle pettie, so he was."

A WORD WITH YOU.

IF you have another penny to spare after buying this copy of *P. W.*, *Short Stories* is just the thing for you. This week's issue contains six charmingly illustrated tales to suit every class of reader.

Grant Allen is contributing a series of his most powerful stories.

If you would like to earn a crisp fiver, you should try your hand at the new Spelling Mistakes Competition.

MY PRETTY SISTER.

THE EDITOR INTERVIEWS *P. W.*

P. W. is wonderfully proud of its new and pretty sister, *Home Notes*. The other day I interviewed the first three volumes on the subject. Vol. I. thought it ought to be spokesman.

"Considering my three-and-a-half years of experience," it began.

"Shut up," interrupted Vol. III., rudely cannoning against its elder brother and knocking it down. "As consisting of a paper which for the first time in the history of journalism reached a circulation of well over a million a week, it's my place to speak."

"Missing word," sneered Vol. II., writhing with envy.

"Missing word or no missing word," retorted Vol. III., hotly, "I have seen a lot more of the world than either of you two." Whereupon the other subsided.

"The truth is, sir," began Vol. III., "we are just a little bit jealous of our sister. She is simply an exaggeration of our best feature."

"Imitation, my dear *P. W.*," I said, suavely, "is the sincerest form of flattery."

"Then you admit she is modelled on our page 14," cried the wily fellow, blushing at the compliment.

"Certainly," I said. "The resemblance is most striking—same name and everything—but she is—er—a trifle more developed, and, if I may say so, more beautiful, don't you think?"

"Of course," answered *P. W.*, rather contemptuously. "She's a girl, so she ought to be prettier; but I will say *Home Notes* is the most charming little thing I have ever seen. She has not a single feature I would not be proud of myself, if I went in for that sort of thing."

"It seems to me you get her up a good deal better than you do me," went on my first-born, reproachfully. "Those lovely illustrations on that beautiful glossy paper, and that stiff cover with the pretty picture on it——"

"It's all very well," I said, "but it takes such a lot of matter to keep you going. As long as you want so much filling every week I simply can't afford to go in for appearances. Besides, *Home Notes* is a lady; she must be smart. Bless my soul, looks don't matter with a popular man like yourself. Then, too, advertisers like girls best, and by their patronage enable them to be well dressed."

"What I like about my sister," said *P. W.*, somewhat appeased, "is her thoroughness. She is really cleverly turned out, and every line is worth reading. Nurse Isobel has not had three and a half years' experience with me for nothing, I can see."

"I am glad to hear you say so," I answered. "She came into existence because it seemed to me that there was no lady's paper which was filled with practical information from cover to cover. By the way, the cover is rather nice, don't you think?"

"She hasn't got my complexion," said *P. W.*, with its usual conceit. "But that white is very delicate and lady-like, I confess. The young mother rocking her child before the fire is charming—simply charming."

"I'm surprised at Sister's orders being so high already," interrupted Vol. I. "For a first number it must be unprecedented. I know in my young days I didn't get subscribers to send their money in like she is getting them. I don't know how she does it."

"What do you think of her features?" I enquired. "Her figure is good, I know, small and stylish."

"LITTLE KNOWN WIVES OF WELL KNOWN MEN is a rare good series," remarked my first-born, with the air of a connoisseur. "I wonder I didn't think of it myself. And as for the page devoted to prize competitions, it fairly makes my mouth water."

"FIRESIDE TALKS, HEALTH IN THE HOME, THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, FASHIONS FROM PARIS, A SERIAL STORY (THE SALE OF A SOUL), sounds good. OVER THE KITCHEN FIRE (recipes, I suppose, that is), HOME DRESSMAKING, MOTHERS IN COUNCIL (about their babies, I presume), FEMININE FANCIES (does that mean fancy work, and so on?), HOUSEHOLD HINTS, HEALTH AND BEAUTY, PRIZE COMPETITIONS, besides really good poetry and lots of general articles—you couldn't have much more than that, I admit," he added, with a suspicion of jealousy in his tone.

"It really is wonderful for a penny," Vol. II. admitted. "The whole get-up is as good as that of a high-class magazine, paper and illustrations included, and I've figured it up, and find that in a month the purchaser gets ever so much more for her money than she does in any magazine. I am bound to say, if it wasn't for the fact that we and young *Short Stories* are both produced at the same price, I should have thought it impossible."

"As a paper which travels all over the world every week, and visits hundreds of thousands of British homes, your opinion carries weight," I said. "Now go back to your shelf, and you shall see your sister win her way into the heart of every woman in the country."

THE knack of looking at the bright side of things was never developed to such perfection as in the case of a man who, after a railway accident, telegraphed to his friend's wife:

"Your husband killed in railway accident; head, both arms, and both legs cut off."

But later this correction was received:

"First report exaggerated; your husband killed; head and legs cut off, but only one arm."

The ghost of Hamlet's father was all very well in his way. As he observed, "He could a tale unfold" but "Short Stories" unfolds several every week, and of a far more interesting kind than the blood-curdling narrative of the defunct king!

SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE.

THERE ought to be no necessity now for respectable people to be seen entering their houses with jugs and bottles about their persons, for waterproof bags are being made, and can be used for milk and other liquids without exciting undue suspicion from inquisitive neighbours.

AN improvement in bicycles for fancy rides has been made in the shape of a fly-wheel attached to the hub of the machine between the spokes. When this is wound up it revolves at a great pace, and the motion helps the machine to retain its equilibrium, thus leaving the performer a freer hand to get through his feats.

AN electric hand fan for theatre-goers has been devised which is likely to take the place of the present mode of creating draughts. The fan is very light, and it may be hung on the back of a theatre seat. A push-button on the side of a handle turns on the slight current needed to revolve the fanes, which compel a steady rush of air without making the least noise.

A PARISIAN physician with plenty of time on his hands has amused himself by building a colossal model of the human heart out of some substance which gives it the right colour and proper consistency. Every detail is shown, and this enormous heart pumps out a reddish fluid through the arteries on exactly the same principle as the organ underneath the inventor's waistcoat.

OUR railway stations will in all probability be graced shortly by the presence of another automatic delivery machine. This one answers the purpose of an apothecary's establishment, and passengers who feel seedy during a journey can just pop out at a convenient station and get for a penny a couple of pills, a pick-me-up, a few cough-drops, and other similar remedies; while for twopence a little brandy (as a medicine of course), a corn-plaster, a packet of ammonia, and a variety of other curatives will be obtainable.

KING ALFRED would be gratified if it could ever come to his ears that measuring the time of day by candles had come up again. I have received a candle-stick fitted with an endless band marked with figures from one to twelve stretched over a plane of metal, and standing parallel with the candle itself. One end of a pointer rests on the top of the wax, and the other indicates the time of night, falling as the light burns down. The Ambrose Manufacturing Company, of 567, Bromley Road, Birmingham, are the makers, and sell the "Time Teller" at a shilling.

PERHAPS you have at breakfast often noticed that eggs bought at your grocers have a "shoppy" taste. This is due to sawdust of the straw, saw-dust, or whatever else they may have been packed in for their journey from the Continent. A gentleman at Hamburg has found a way of making the eggs of this nasty flavour by packing them in wheatlight boxes, and pumping in a solution of salt and water until the boxes are absolutely full. This loosens the shells of the eggs breaking, and, moreover, prevents the contents from drying up.

THE Belgians have got more wines in their heads than to shovel all the snow away from their parks and empty it into the rivers. They make money out of it instead of paying to have it carted away. A competition was held the other day to which all the modellers in a certain neighbourhood were invited to take part. Figures were built out of the snow, arranged in a variety of attitudes, some strolling along the walks, others admiring the frozen lakes, and others sitting in very effective little positions on the seats. After dark the electric lights were switched on, the public admitted, an admission fee charged, and the proceeds devoted to charitable objects.

TWO very novel methods of crossing a river have been recently completed by a rising young Spanish architect, named Don Alberto Palacio. One is a ferry bridge across the river Nervion at Bilbao, and consists of a skeleton platform supported by two iron pillars 220 feet above the stream, from which a car, weighing something like forty tons, is suspended by wire ropes within a few yards of the surface of the water. The other is a rolling bridge, an elevated platform which runs on rails laid along the bed of the river. The platform is supported by an iron framework, and the apparatus is driven by an endless chain passing round a drum in the engine-house.

ALL wearers of evening clothes know how quickly the shirt-front is apt to become crumpled through the movements of the body, thus detracting considerably from both comfort and appearance. I am glad to notice an ideal shirt which removes the above defects without spoiling in any way the neatness of the attire. This invention comes from an enterprising American gentleman, Mr. Williams, who has patented the shirt in several countries.

THE front is attached to the shirt-body only round the neck and shoulders by means of an apron piece in width like the illustration. The whole of the lower part is left unattached and is free to move in any way according to the movements of the wearer. The appearance is exactly the same as an ordinary shirt, the apron piece preventing the edges of the front being seen under any circumstances. These shirts can be obtained from Drake and Co., 148, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope "Patents." The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with its sender.*

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.

MR. PONSONBY, who has gone to India as Lord Elgin's aide-de-camp, is the son of the Queen's private secretary.

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON, who inherits much of her father's literary ability, is to be numbered amongst the ablest lady journalists of to-day.

MR. HALL CAINE, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. John Morley, the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, the late Mr. James Runciman, and Mr. Jerome Katka Jerome, all tried their hand at school-teaching before finally settling down to the occupation of literature.

ONE of the latest recruits to the ranks of lady nurses belongs to a very ancient and aristocratic family. Lady Griselda Johanna Ogilvy has entered the Edinburgh Children's Hospital as a lady-probationer. She is the daughter of the late Earl of Airlie and sister to the present Earl.

SIGNOR VERDI, the veteran composer, is an exceedingly quick writer, and it is very seldom that he alters a composition after his first moment's inspiration. Just now he is working with desperate haste on a new opera, which is to see the light before very long. The subject of the work is kept a profound secret.

FROM one end of our Indian Empire to the other there is only one editorial chair occupied by a lady. Miss Alice Goodall, who conducts the SIMLA GUARDIAN, is exceedingly popular, and deservedly so. Her opinions always carry great weight, and her articles are invariably interesting, for she knows as much of Bengalese affairs as it is good for a woman to know.

MR. HERBERT CAMPBELL has been connected with London pantomimes during the last twenty years and more, and for the last thirteen, he has been at Drury Lane Theatre, under Sir Augustus Harris. When he first went into the business, the management seldom spent more than £500 in mounting a pantomime, whereas, nowadays, less than £15,000 is never paid.

THE German Emperor is again on the war-path, and this time it is Music and the Drama which are engaging his Royal powers. The other day, by way of showing the world how things ought to be done, he conducted the military band while it played a selection from Beethoven. Then he took himself off to the theatre, and talked to the great Herr Barnay, expounding theatrical matters to him like a father.

MR. ARNOLD MORLEY, the Postmaster-General, is extremely fond of billiards, and handles the cue with considerable dexterity. He often drops into the Egyptian Hall on a Saturday afternoon to see Roberts play, being firmly of opinion that the quietness of the room, broken only by the soothing click of the balls, is excellent as a mental sedative amid the worries accompanying busy Parliamentary life.

IT is surely a good thing to be successful in anything connected with the stage. Mr. Edward Solomon, the young composer, who is as lucky as he is melodious, and famous for his "Billee Taylor" and "The Vicar of Bray," has just informed an envious world that he makes £39 a day! He arrives at this pleasing conclusion by averaging the number of hours he takes in producing an opera, and the time it runs.

BERTRAM HILES, in whom the Princess of Wales is good enough to take a great personal interest, is a young artist who paints remarkably well with his feet. Some years ago he was run over in the streets of Bristol, and, losing both his arms, he devoted himself to art, practising with unfailing patience until he taught himself to paint with a brush between his toes as well as most men can with the use of their hands.

MISS HULDA FRIEDRICHS, one of the few lady journalists on the regular staff of a London daily paper, is a German by birth. Her style is vigorous and cheery, and for the last ten years she has been incessantly busy in every branch of press work. Miss Friedrichs, whose serious face is well-known in Fleet Street and its environs, speaks no fewer than seven languages. Her fund of general information is simply marvellous.

ALL the world knows that Mr. Balfour is a great golf player. His conversion to the game dates from 1886. It is a curious fact that it was Tom Dunn who taught Mr. Gladstone how to handle his clubs, and Tom Dunn who gave Mr. Balfour his first lesson. The lanky leader of the Opposition plays in very good style, especially off the tee. He has a long, steady, powerful swing, and not unfrequently gets his ball away nearly two hundred yards.

YOUNG Earl Cairns, who is shortly going on a tour in Ceylon and India, had the good fortune not to be brought up as the heir to a peerage. Thus he had a far more useful education than his brother, and has brought to the House of Lords a far more practical view of life than is usual there. He is a partner in the Elswick Ordnance Company, and takes an intelligent interest in its working. His present journey is undertaken with the view of enlarging his mind by the study of men and manners. He is a young man of thirty, and a bachelor, who is regarded as a highly eligible investment in Transatlantic circles.

MR. FRANK SHORLAND, who as a racing cyclist has made a reputation for himself that places him at the head of all long-distance riders, undergoes no special course of training.

As a matter of fact, he has very little time to devote to riding, and he has to content himself with a fairly rational mode of living in preparation for one of his twenty-four hours races. He is neither a teetotaler nor a non-smoker.

The terribly long rides he undertakes must necessarily entail a certain amount of physical exhaustion, but Mr. Shorland declares that he feels no unpleasant effects from them. One can only regret that the premier record-breaker cannot find the time to train himself as other athletes do. Then we should surely see wonderful things.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

A RESOURCEFUL half-back, who played for several seasons in the English eleven, is Alfred Shelton, of the Notts club.

Shelton was dropped from the English teams last season, to make room for younger men, but this may possibly have been due as much to the comparatively poor show made by his club as to any falling off in his own ability. He has in different years played against Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, first gaining his International cap in 1889. Although capable of a fair amount of speed, the chief features of his play are his coolness, steadiness, and accuracy. Shelton is not a big man, but he is one of those who "go all the way."

GEORGE TOONE is another Notts man who has been rewarded for consistent good play by an International cap.

Toone is quite a youngster yet, and does not possess the commanding height of many another well-known goalkeeper, yet it would be rash to say that any one of his taller rivals is a better man. The Notts man kept goal against Wales and Scotland in 1892, and might have gained the honour still earlier but that he was suffering from injuries at the critical period. Last year he was not selected for any of the International matches, and here again it was probably the poor performances of his club rather than deterioration on his own part which led to his being passed over.

Notts have fallen from the front rank of Association clubs, but it is not for want of a good goalkeeper.

THE name of Devey is a familiar one amongst lovers of athletic games in the Midlands, and Will, Jack, and Harry of that ilk are particularly well-known on the football field.

The most prominent of the trio just now is John Devey, one of the players who have brought Aston Villa to the front again this season. Like other great footballers, Devey is not always up to concert pitch, and there was a noticeable lack of his usual dash about Christmas time; but on the whole he is a very consistent player, and, fast and quick on his feet himself, he is a capital centre for the speedy wing forwards of whom Aston Villa can boast.

Devey has only been a member of the Aston Villa team for about three seasons. He first became famous in connection with the successful Mitchell's St. George's, which was afterwards converted into Birmingham St. George's, and in those days he was often chosen for representative matches, playing for the Staffordshire and the Birmingham Associations, and for North v. South. In 1892 he played for England against Ireland.

A REVOLUTION is quietly going on in Metropolitan football, and next season surprising developments will be witnessed. Information has reached me which enables me to give a hint as to the direction which these will probably take. As is now well-known, Millwall Athletic have followed the lead of Woolwich Arsenal in adopting professionalism. Well, another professional club, whose home will be at the Elms, Walthamstow, is now in course of formation, with a very influential directorate at its head.

There are rumours of still other organisations upon similar bases, but I believe nothing quite definite with regard to these has yet been resolved upon. Several of the more prominent and energetic of the London clubs have already resolved to form a Southern League, and the increased attention which such a competition must attract to the game, is likely to make Association football even more popular than it now is. All this means progress, and a close approach in skill to the big clubs of the North, but doubtless the new departure is scarcely likely to meet with the approval of the ultra-amateur section of the football community.

OWEN CAYGILL, captain and goal-keeper of the Millwall Athletic, has been connected with that club almost throughout his football career. He has gained an excellent reputation as an amateur, and no doubt this will be more than sustained in the new course which he and the club have entered upon.

Millwall Athletic have a decided tendency towards creating surprises and sensations. In the course of four or five years they have sprung from obscurity to fame, having meanwhile reclaimed a dreary waste on the Isle of Dogs, and constructed a capital football arena out of Thames mud and other things.

Caygill has not yet had his share of representative honours. He has played once or twice for Middlesex and London; but his ambition does not stop short of an International cap.

Football Players should also see Accident Insurance System on page 440.

£100 INSURANCE FOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

We undertake to pay **ONE HUNDRED POUNDS** *to whomsoever the proprietors of* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** *may decide to be the next of kin of any football player who meets with his death by an accident while actually playing football. The only condition is that the player in question must be the possessor of a copy of the current number of* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**, *which must bear his usual signature in ink on the line left blank at the foot of this notice. The copy need not be upon the person at the time of the accident. Notice of accident must be given within three days, and death must have occurred within twenty-four hours of the accident.*

Signed .....

Available until midnight, January 27th, 1894.

SOUTHWARD IN SEARCH OF THE SUN.

No. I.—THREE PEN'ORTH OF PARADISE.

THE Riviera is the garden of Europe, where flowers are as sand on the shore, and Nice—gay, frivolous Nice—is Flora's sun-lit and well-chosen capital.

Every morning, winter and summer, the Nice flower market is held in the open air, presided over by bronzed, chattering peasants, and fanned by the sweet sea-scent from the tideless Mediterranean hard by.

It is a wonderful sight—a sight which cannot be seen anywhere else in the world—where bouquets, which would cost a guinea in Bond Street, can be bought for fivepence, and a basket overflowing with roses can be had for a few sous. Indeed, the flower lover can open for himself the gates of Paradise with a paltry threepenny bit.

Day by day a wilderness of flowers beautifies the quaint, ill-paved, narrow street. All the flora of the South lies piled upon an avenue of wooden trestles, gathered to gladden the hearts of men and women from Christiania to Crete, from Orenburg to Galway Bay.

It is cold down in the market place. The high stone houses shut out the sun, which is glaring down from its early throne on the heads of the Eastern mountains. But no one is sorry, in Nice, to escape Old Sol for a while—even in mid-winter. And it is refreshing down there, where the breeze takes life and finds no dust to blow.

Though few people know it, the market begins in the early hours of the morning, long before it is light.

Most of the flowers are picked somewhere between two and four on the preceding afternoon. All night they are left in dark, cool, underground cellars, and without any water, although a few are allowed to freshen themselves in large earthenware pans.

In the morning, early, they come into the town, in carts, in two-wheeled waggons, drawn by mules, for ever wobbling up and down like see-saws; perhaps by train from Cannes, Grasse, Beaulieu, or Mentone, perchance in large, flat baskets upon the peasant women's heads.

For these flowers, which grow as the grass does in England, are a source of income to the town, and many a little landowner on some neighbouring mountain-side brings down the produce of his garden to share the spoils of the day with the larger nurserymen, who make horticulture their profession.

At about three o'clock, by the light of candle and lantern, the market begins.

Where, presently, the smiling peasant-women will haggle with the artless innocents abroad and cheat them with a charming ease, she, in her turn, has now to bargain, and be duped—doubtless, not quite so readily—by the close-fisted wholesale man.

How these cunning women can judge of a basket of flowers by the light of a flickering candle or the faint illumination of a blinking lantern it puzzles me to know.

They may not pick and choose, taking a bunch here and a fresh spray there. The flowers are sold by the basket, and as the grower packs them so must they be bought.

It is a quaint sight to see the bare-headed gaily-shawled women turning over the flowers with knowing hands, gesticulating, speculating, chaffering, where the tallow drips upon their gowns, and the lanterns smoke unheeded.

However, it is not only the changeful peasant-girl, whose anxious, angry, buying face will presently be wreathed in selling smiles, who is up and marketing before many of those to whose wants she ministers have yet gone to bed. Here are sharp-faced men buying for the shops in Covent Garden, or for *fleuristes* on the Parisian boulevards.

As it grows lighter women from the flower-shops in the town come down to make their bargains and to supplement the produce of their gardens. And flowers faded and spoilt are bought by hawkers, who will keep them dark all day, and sell them in the evening by the gaslight in the streets.

And here and there gardeners from villas in the suburbs may be seen, standing on the outskirts of the crowd, and selling by private contract bunches of mandarins and orange sprays, and wonderful hot-house flowers, cheaply to avoid publicity.

At seven o'clock the double row of trestles is deserted, and the refuse of the early market is swept away into the municipal dustbins.

Soon after the peasant women take up their places, generally with two great clothes-baskets filled with flowers apiece, their stock-in-trade. For each of these they have paid from five to twenty francs, according to the value of their contents, the season, and the weather, or the sharpness of their wit. Just lately we have had a week of cold winds, which has made flowers scarce, and comparatively dear; but the sun has re-asserted himself to-day, and by to-morrow prices will be down again.

The market stretches for quite a quarter of a mile down the middle of the street, but the farther end is devoted to the sale of vegetables and poultry.

In the height of the season, and it is the height of the season now, between 250 and 300 places are taken daily by as many women. For a measured yard of trestle they pay one penny per day rent.

Each basketful weighs about twenty pounds, and so every morning over five tons weight of cut flowers are sold in this street market! And besides these, hundreds of plants are sold every day in pots.

From seven o'clock until after nine the market, to use a Stock Exchange phrase, is dull—nothing moving.

The women are busy making big bunches small, binding the flowers with quick, skilful hands, into bouquets, and putting the best to the front of their baskets to tempt the unwary customer, who, unless he knows a thing or two, will get for his money less beautiful ones from behind.

At about ten a crowd of fashionably-dressed people begins to invade the old town, deserting the bright Promenade des Anglais for a while to fill their arms with flowers; or, if they want more than they can carry, to hire, for a few sous, one of the girls who wait about with great flat baskets which, when filled, are balanced on their heads in a manner wonderful to behold. If the intention is to send flowers to friends at home, recourse is generally had to one of the many shops which make a speciality of packing and despatching. These operations cost more than the flowers themselves.

For example, I sent home the other day seven cardboard boxes of flowers. Each box measured two feet six by eighteen inches, and was six inches in depth. The flowers to fill them, which were the choicest in the market, cost only twelve shillings, but packing and carriage called for a further disbursement of nearly two pounds.

It is a marvellous cosmopolitan crowd, every nationality under the sun finds a representative there. Rich and poor alike elbow one another between the stalls and bid against one another for flowers.

But foreigners are by no means the only patrons of the flower-sellers. Every Frenchwoman likes to have flowers in her room. Even the poor woman who comes to the market with ten or twelve sous to lay out in food, will spare one or two of them for a bunch of bright blossoms which may be seen lying on the top of her basket of vegetables as she trudges off home.

I cannot describe the marvellous flowers gathered together there, for I only know about a dozen by name.

But there are banks of roses on either side—roses red, yellow, and white, and spotless buds resting their cheeks against bunches of cornflowers which have outlived the corn, for all the world in their contrast like the snow-capped Alps behind the town against the blue of the sky.

And there are thousands of carnations, blushing red against other thousands of their white sisters, and dainty, fragrant daffodils and violets, single and double, which perfume the fresh, salt air.

Lilies rest side by side with anemones, purple, yellow, and white, and the narcissus nestles close to the daisies, and mingles its leaves with bunches of myrtle, the symbol of love. Branches of eucalyptus, with its glossy leaves and quaint blue berries, are there, and bunches of beautiful mosses and maiden-hair ferns.

I tried to interview some of the women to gather some fancies and facts, but they proved, one and all, as untruthful as their flowers were lovely.

As a matter of fact, the most they can be sure of making in a day is from £1 to £2, and this, of course, only during the three months for which Nice is crowded with foreigners fleeing the cold of less kindly climes. Sometimes a basket which cost ten francs brings in twenty or thirty, though on a good day it may be worth nearly twice as much. Altogether, so far as I can gather, the trade of flower-seller is about the best one going for poor people in this part of the world, and, as a natural consequence, the competition for a vacant space in the market is very keen.

So far as I could make out from a friendly wholesaler, a good deal over £1,000 is taken in the flower market every day, and in the last four years the amount has increased fivefold.

Prices double for the few days of Carnival, and are fabulous on the eve of the Battle of Flowers, of which more anon. The rose which keeps best is the sofrono, a native of Nice, yellow inside and painted red in the bud.

These bought when they are one-third open are the best for sending away.

Of all flowers the sweet mignonette, with its millions of tiny sprays, is the best for packing and keeping, though carnations travel very well.

And I must not forget the Parme violet—the boast of the Riviera—which grows nowhere else in the world out-of-doors, and revives with magical power at the end of a journey.

When you look at this floral expanse stretching through the town, which loads the air with its blended scents, and is like a peep into Paradise, it is hard to believe that the best have already gone to the shops to be exported or used for table decorations.

Over a thousand boxes of flowers bought in the market are sent away from Nice by post every day, and who can tell how many more by rail?

At twelve—twelve precisely, the market is closed. Prices have been getting lower and lower for some time until the flowers have been almost given away. At the sound of the sun-fired gun, which marks the hour of midday, the best that remain are picked out for the morrow and the rest are emptied into the streets and left to wither there.

Half an hour later the place is clean, swept and garnished, the street is deserted, and not a solitary petal remains to tell the tale of the busy morning's work.

(*An Article on Monte Carlo next week*).

A TEETOTAL ISLAND.

THE temperance lecturer is a peculiar and praiseworthy institution. His cause is the best in the world, and yet statistics in this country fail to prove its golden issues. He cannot point with his finger and say this and that has temperance done for the good of the country since it became the fashion. A thousand pledges signed is not a thousand converts made.

For an illustration of his theme he must turn to some smaller field where the relation of cause to effect can be more clearly seen than it can in the midst of the complicated social state of Britain.

A better example for the orator who waxes eloquent on the subject of temperance could not be found than a tiny island called Okushiri, which lies in the northern sea of Japan.

The soil is fertile, but until lately the natives did not take the trouble to till it. Every year shoals of herrings approach the shore, inviting the inhabitants, as it were, to come out and catch them. And having done so they are put beyond any vulgar and immediate necessity of toiling for their daily bread, either mentally or manually. Taking no thought for the morrow they used to live in luxurious ease, eating and drinking and making merry.

The temptation to spend their money in drink was too strong to be withstood. All told the inhabitants numbered 250 souls, and between them they annually consumed £600 worth of intoxicating liquors.

During the summer months they practically did nothing but drink away the proceeds of the haul of fish which Nature had bounteously supplied.

Throughout the country there were hardly any roads. No one would take the trouble to make them. The houses were jerry built, and thatched with grass.

Rolling in riches during the fishing season the harvests were left to rot. Then when the colder weather came, and the money was all in the publicans' hands, there came a lack of rice. Year by year they grew worse instead of better, until one man bolder than the rest openly denounced the liquor traffic. This was the great crisis in the history of the island. Carried away by the reformer's eloquence, 117 of the natives signed the pledge. For five years they undertook neither to buy nor to sell intoxicating drinks.

But they did not stop here. They issued a proclamation saying that any man or woman who refused to reform would be exiled, and exiled they speedily were.

The result was magical. In five years the population increased fivefold, and in the same time the capital invested in fishing tenfold.

Reed thatches were replaced by shingles; roads were made; four granaries were stocked with rice, and every house laid in a private store for the coming winter. Where there had before been dissipation prosperity reigned in its stead.

Statistics showed a marked decrease in crime. The experiment became famous far and wide. Other islands followed their example.

Quite lately the first five years of temperance signed and pledged expired, and now the island has entered into another contract for a similar time. They find teetotalism pays.

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Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m. of Friday, January 19th, 1894, until Midnight, Saturday, January 27th, 1894. (See column 3, page 448.)

Statisticians say that fewer suicides occur on Saturday than any other day of the week. "P.W.," strangely enough, is published on Saturday. Now, is this merely a strange coincidence, or is it—but no, we always were modest.

LAWYERS' FEES.

A BARRISTER, as a lawyer, cannot recover by an action at law any fee to which he may be morally entitled for services rendered to a client. The explanation of this is that an article of Magna Charta affirms that justice shall not be sold. As the king is the fountain of justice and barristers servants of the king, it was held that it would be unlawful for them to receive payment for aiding a subject to secure the benefit of law.

Formerly the money in payment of the barrister's fee was dropped, as if secretly, into the hood of his gown; now a member of the bar adopts a more open method of refusing to go into court until his clerk has received the fee marked upon his brief.

"What brings you here to-day, Mr. L——?" asked a judge of an eminent counsel.

"Twenty guineas, my lord," answered the lawyer, making no secret of the fact that he was violating Magna Charta, and doing, in substance, if not in form, what the prophet's servant was punished for doing—exacting a fee for a humane service. English law-books call the fee an honorary reward.

The black gown worn by English lawyers is a relic of the days when the clergy were the only lawyers, and always appeared in an ecclesiastical dress. The horse-hair wig, which every English barrister wears while in court, is a survival of the time when men were ashamed to wear their own hair.

HOW ESQUIMAUX USE TOBACCO.

PERHAPS there is nothing more peculiar about the Esquimaux of Point Barrow than their methods of using tobacco, which, of course, they procure from the whites. They know good from bad tobacco.

The habit of chewing the weed seems to be universal. Men, women, and even unweaned children keep a quid, often of enormous size, constantly in the mouth. The juice is not spit out but swallowed, without producing any symptoms of nausea.

These people, for the sake of making their tobacco go further, cut it up very fine, and mix it with finely chopped wood, in the proportion of about two parts of tobacco to one of wood.

Willow twigs are commonly used by the Esquimaux for this purpose, possibly because they have a slightly aromatic flavour. The mode of smoking the weed thus prepared is very odd.

The smoker, after clearing out the bowl of his pipe with a little picker of bone, plucks from his deerskin clothing in some conspicuous place a small wad of hair. This he rams down to the bottom of the bowl, the purpose of it being to prevent the fine tobacco from getting into the stem and clogging it up. The pipe is then filled with tobacco, of which it only holds a very small quantity. The tobacco is then ignited, and all of it is smoked out in two or three strong whiffs. The smoke is very deeply inhaled, and is allowed to pass out slowly from the mouth and nostrils.

The method of smoking would be found to be very trying to any white man. These people carry their fondness for tobacco so far that they will actually eat the foul, oily refuse from the bottom of the bowl, the smallest portion of which would produce nausea in a civilised person.

215 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds).

INSURANCE AGAINST GENERAL ACCIDENTS

ACCORDING TO CONDITIONS GIVEN BELOW.

Specially guaranteed by the

OCEAN ACCIDENT ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.

£25 INSURANCE COUPON. £10

£25 will be paid by the above Corporation to the Legal Representatives of any person killed by an accident to the train, steamboat, Tramway, Omnibus, or other public conveyance in which he or she was travelling as a passenger, or while walking on any street or public road within the United Kingdom as a private individual, should death result within one month after such injury, and the like amount will be paid should such injury not prove fatal, but result in the complete and irrecoverable loss of sight in both eyes, or the loss by actual separation of both hands, both feet, or a leg and an arm.

£10 will be paid should such injury only result in the loss as above defined of sight in one eye, or the loss of one arm or one leg, and £5 will be paid should such injury only result in the fracture of an arm or leg.

£5 will be paid to any person who shall sustain a fracture of an arm or leg, or a broken collar-bone while engaged in playing Football, or Public Cricket.

Provided in all above cases that the person so killed or injured was the owner of this Insurance Coupon, with his or her usual signature written underneath, when the accident on which the claim is based occurred. This paper may be left at his or her place of abode so long as the stamp is signed.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1892, Rules No. 2, 3, 5, and 6."

This Insurance is limited to One Coupon of this paper for each holder, and is not invalidated by any Insurance with this or any other Accident Company, but is in addition thereto.

Notice of Claim must be made to MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, *Henrietta Street, London, W.C., within seven days of the accident.*

*Signature*_____

(See column 2, page 443).

Available from 6 p.m. of Friday, January 19th, 1894, till midnight, Saturday, January 27th, 1894.

A THRONE OF THRONES.

THOSE who have seen the Czar of all the Russias sitting, sceptre in hand, on his great white throne, agree in pronouncing the sight one of the few impressive things connected with nineteenth century royalty.

The Czar, being an absolute despot, cannot be said to have an official residence, for the chair of state wherever he sits, is the throne of Russia. But, in the palace of St. Petersburg, there is an apartment in which his Imperial Majesty's advisers assemble on such occasions as it suits him to call them together officially.

It is an immense marble hall with an enclosure at one end vaguely suggestive of a cathedral altar. On a dais, formed by an elevation of some steps, stands the throne itself.

The very few to whom dread of Nihilists has not denied access to the Royal personage in state pronounce the chair a triumph in ivory and gold and costly woods. The jewels glittering all over it would alone enrich a State, on the authority of Gortschakoff himself. The rests are four heavy pillars representing, at their extremities, bears' claws. The arms seem great tusks, gnarled and twisted like the roots of a centenarian oak.

The back is fantastically elaborate, the rampant eagle, if the king of birds may be said ever to assume a favourite armorial pose of the king of beasts, flaring conspicuously in gold and silver.

The only cushion is the plenitude of ermine, which, when the royal despot seats himself, gives him the air of a snow image. The ceremonies in which the Russian throne figures are largely religious, the Czar being head of both Church and State, and it is not strange therefore that this mere chair has become an object almost of veneration in the land of the Romanoffs.

THE MUSIC-HALL PAST AND PRESENT.

A SHORT time since a representative of *P.W.* called upon Mr. Charles Morton, the father of the music-halls, who was a manager of this class of entertainment something like fifty years ago.

"The most fashionable music-hall forty-five years ago was the Canterbury, in Westminster Bridge Road," said Mr. Morton. "There was no scenery, and the stage consisted merely of a platform. Tables were scattered all over the house, and people used to come and eat chops and steaks what time they watched the performance. Long Churchwarden pipes were given gratis.

"However, everything was done on a liberal scale. A dozen of the best native oysters, with bread and butter, were sold for a shilling, and the charges for admission were 6d. and 1s. Between the debates Members of Parliament would drop in to see the show, and many a night we had an audience consisting to a great extent of Dukes, Peers, Baronets, and Public Legislators, who would sip their brandies and sodas in sight of the stage and run off whenever they expected a division. In the hall was a picture gallery, the works exhibited costing £10,000.

"The salaries of music-hall artistes always ruled fairly high. Despite the fact that the charges for admission were so small, I remember I paid one man £60 a week and £80 for a band; but then no performer was allowed to appear anywhere else. I also offered Mr. Sims Reeves £1,200 to sing once each evening for a month. Nowadays some of them earn £150 a week, or half as much again as a Prime Minister. Dan Leno, for instance, receives, I believe, £35 a week from each hall where he performs, and as he frequently appears at five places of entertainment of an evening you will perceive how well he does.

"Years ago the principal comic man was in the seventh heaven of delight when he made £10 a week. At that time he was not in great demand; what the public liked then were glees, madrigals, selections from operas, and the like.

"To-day music-hall audiences want comicality, and scarcely anything else; hence the high salaries paid to the very few really humorous performers we have. Perpetual change is now the order; from a leisurely age we have come to the sixty miles an hour period, and fresh artistes must appear every two or three minutes, or the audience tires.

"Even the present high rate of salary is likely to increase, for the simple reason that the supply of capable artistes is infinitesimal as compared with the demand. Attractive performers don't increase, for which reason the few benefit, and are enabled to live in princely fashion.

"Anyone with originality can command a bishop's salary in the music-hall world, so great is the competition. Here is a case in point. Last year I was employing a young person not sixteen years of age, and new to the stage, at £8 a week. You will scarcely believe it, but another manager came along and offered the artiste the enormous sum of £40 a week, which offer, of course, was accepted.

"You can only realise how large present salaries are when you consider that the music-hall requires no special training. The very essence of success is natural acting; and an original artiste, once he is on the stage, can acquire fame in an amazingly short space of time."

GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

1,500 GUINEA ENGRAVINGS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

No. 31.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE FOLLOWING PARLIAMENTARY DIVISIONS OF LONDON:—THE NORTH, PECKHAM AND DULWICH DIVISIONS OF CAMBERWELL AND CHELSEA.

As announced in previous issues we have devised a form of competition which, instead of being open to readers all over the kingdom, and thus, by the multitude of entries, affording individual competitors but a small chance of success, will be open to dwellers in particular towns only.

The prizes take the form of charming engravings, 20 by 30, handsomely framed in solid oak, of a kind that are sold in print-shops for a guinea apiece.

This week the competition is open to dwellers in the following Parliamentary divisions of London:—The North, Peckham and Dulwich divisions of Camberwell and Chelsea.

Twenty-five pictures will go to Camberwell, and nine to Chelsea.

The pictures are on view in Chelsea, at Stone's Library, 510, King's Road.

Competitors must be resident in one of the above districts, taking the widest recognised boundaries.

The competition will this week be on the following lines:—

Each competitor must copy out, on a sheet of paper, the following words:—

"I have great pleasure in recommending..... as a fit and proper person to receive one of the engravings offered as prizes in *Pearson's Weekly*."

In the blank space the competitor must fill in his own name, and he must also attach his full postal address to the document.

The engravings will be presented to those competitors who succeed in obtaining the greatest number of signatures to the above recommendation, with the full address of each person who signs. A person may sign as many recommendations as he likes, and one competitor may, if he wish, attach his signature to another competitor's list.

Letters only. Please post early. To arrive at latest by first post Wednesday, January 24th.

Each attempt must be accompanied with the coupon at the top right-hand corner of front page of the wrapper of this issue, and no person must send more than one attempt.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZES WILL BE FOR PERSONS LIVING IN THE FOLLOWING PARLIAMENTARY DIVISIONS OF LONDON:—THE HOLBORN, CENTRAL AND EAST DIVISIONS OF FINSBURY, DEPTFORD AND FULHAM.

Competitions will be shortly held for which dwellers in small towns and villages alone are eligible.

RESULT OF GREAT TOWNS COMPETITION.

No. 29.

A handsomely-framed Guinea Etching has been forwarded to the following persons:—

IN WEST HARTLEPOOL:—

John R. Dunn, 3, Mary Street; R. Stronghair, 24, Moreland Street; J. Spencer, 23, St. John Street; J. O'Rake, 2, Rodney Street.

IN WIGAN:—

Henry Thornton, 6, Ann Street, Chapel Street; John Woodhall, 34, Woodhouse Lane; Thomas Dunstan, 26, Woodhouse Lane; John Rigby, 2/6 Freckleton Street; F. Dowswell, 231, Gidlow Lane.

IN WOLVERHAMPTON:—

Chris Farrington, 9, West Street, Stafford Road; Mrs. E. Beddow, Black Horse Inn, Bilston Road; W. Roberts, 18, Beaumont Street, Lower Stafford Street; J. Dumbell, Cyprus House, Oak Crescent, George Whitehouse, 2, Elm Street, Oak Street; G. H. Burdett, care of E. H. Coleman, Chapel Ash; John Tunley, 51, Gordon Street; R. Thomas, 12, Gaisley Terrace, Penn Road.

IN WORCESTER:—

H. E. Watts, 23, Nelson Road, St. John's; Chas. Bradley, 14, Spring Gardens, St. Martin's Gate; W. H. Pawley, 3, Spring Cottages, Sandys Road, Barbourne; H. Ryder, 27, Albany Road, Rainbow Hill.

IN WATERFORD:—

William O'Donovan, 57, Barrack Street.

IN YORK:

R. N. Shirt, 34, Price Street; J. Richardson, 1, Filey Terrace, Bootham; Norman Latham, 31, Alma Terrace, Fulford Road; John Harrison, 89, Alma Terrace; Thomas Steel, 55, Newbiggin Street; Henry Pearson, 8, Herbert Street, Hull Road.

IN GREAT YARMOUTH:—

A. Adams, 16, Argyle Terrace; R. J. Goodrich, 57, Lancaster Road; Henry Tate, 27, St. Peter's Road; E. Middleton, 73, Victoria Road; E. Rudd, 23, Factory Square; S. Nicholson, 69, Nelson Road, South; Miss Nell Devoy, 272, Southtown Road; Miss Edith Norton, Tobacconist, 7, Broad Row.

THERE *is* a language of flowers. Did you ever hear a bare-footed man talk after he had trodden on a thistle?

HYGIENE is making itself felt in the land. In his composition one boy writes: "Girls can't run and holler like boys because their diagram is squeezed."

QUARRYMAN: "Shure, an' it's sad news I've got to tell ye, Missis Murphy; your husband has broken his new watch."

Mrs. Murphy: "How did he do it?"

Quarryman: "A ten-ton rock fell on him.

FIRST TRAMP: "If I had my way, I'd have 365 national holidays in the year."

Second Tramp: "You would, eh? and then there would be one working day every four years. Oh, you are a nice one, you are. You would make a galley slave of the poor labouring man, wouldn't you?"

AN old gentleman who had dismounted from his horse, walked into a wayside inn, and left his horse in charge of a barely-clad urchin. But on returning he found another boy holding his horse. He scanned the little destitute through his eye-glasses, and exclaimed:

"Well, but you're not the boy I left my horse with!"

"No, sir," says the boy; "I jist speckilated and bought 'im of t' other boy for a harpenny."

The boy received a "three-penny" for his straightforwardness.

More Paper, more Printing, more Insurance advantages, are given to readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY than to those of any other penny paper published in the world.

THE SYREN OF THE SKIES.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH,

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution."

SUMMARY.

THE Prologue, under the title of "The Prophecy of Natas," forms a connecting link between THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION and THE SYREN OF THE SKIES. It consists of a document left behind him by Natas, the Master of the Terror, in which he recounts the events and the issues of the world-war of 1904, and enjoins the Aerians, the descendants of the leaders of the Revolution, who have colonised Aeria—a mountain-walled valley in Central Africa, inaccessible by any other means than flight through the air—to rule the world as he and his companions have done for a hundred years from the date of his death, and there to leave the nations of the earth to their own devices. He also foretells the possibility of a catastrophe which, in the fifth generation from his own time, may overwhelm the world and involve the whole human race in destruction.

The Supreme Council, in December, 1980, surrenders the world-throne in St. Paul's Cathedral, leaving the nations once more free in all respects save one. The Aerians are determined to hold the command of the air at all costs, and the President declares that those who dispute it with them must either destroy, or be destroyed by, them. Among his hearers are Paul Romanoff (known as Paul Ivanitch) and his grand-daughter Olga, two of the three remaining descendants of the House of Romanoff. That night Paul transmits to Olga and her cousin, Serge Nicholaivitch, the legacy of revenge on the Aerians, which it is their destiny to work out, and tells them how Olga's father was killed, by order of the Council, for independently solving the problem of aerial navigation. He dies, leaving behind him a will, containing the result of his own and his son Vladimir's researches, with complete instructions for building air-ships and submarine vessels, and also for making weapons and explosives. To this will is attached a little slip of paper, containing a receipt for two extremely subtle poisons, of which Olga manages to possess herself, unknown to Serge. Four days after Paul's death, Olga and Serge start to convey his ashes to Russia, and en route they make the acquaintance of two Aerians, Alan, the son of Alan Arnold, the President, and his friend, Alexis Mazaroff, who are going to St. Petersburg for the Winter Festival in celebration of Russian freedom. Olga succeeds in partially fascinating Alan, but fails to extract anything from him concerning life in Aeria, beyond the startling fact that the Aerians possess a mysterious power which enables them to strike an enemy dead without touching them. Soon after the train passes the Russian frontier an Aerian air-ship drops from the clouds, and runs alongside of the train to receive instructions from Alan, on whom it is in attendance. Alan invites Olga and Serge, who is travelling as her brother, to take a trip in the clouds in the air-ship on the following day, and Olga accepts, with the mental resolve that she will be mistress of the air-ship before the trip is over. That night, in her bedroom in St. Petersburg, Olga prepares the two poisons, one of which is capable of completely paralysing the will, while the other is fatal to life itself. Going to bed, she dreams a strange dream, in which she sees a vision of Aeria, and beholds a forecast of the desolation which the success of her project may bring upon the earth. Then she wakes to complete her making of the elixir of death, and to prepare for the execution of her plan.

CHAPTER X.—(*continued.*)

SHE did not go to sleep again, but lay with wide-open eyes looking at the darkness and conjuring out of it visions of love and war and the world-wide empire which she believed to be now almost within her grasp. In all these visions two figures stood out prominently—those of Serge and Alan, her lover that had been and the lover that was to be, if only the elixir did its work as its discoverer had said it would.

It need hardly be said that any comparison drawn between the two by such a mind as hers was to the hopeless disadvantage of Serge. It was like comparing a man with a demi-god, for, though Serge was both physically and intellectually a man who might have won the love of any woman not consumed by such an ambition as hers, Alan, even as regarding his own personality, stood a good head and shoulders above him, in her estimation as a woman, apart from all other considerations.

He belonged to a superior race, a race so far superior to the rest of the people of the world that he might almost have been the result of a separate creation of human beings. In mere manly beauty he far excelled any other man she had ever seen, and such conversation as she had already had with him had irresistibly convinced her, not so much by what he had said, but by the indication of repressed strength with which he had said it, that in the mental sense he stood no less above the average men of the earth than he did as a human animal.

And, added to all this, there was that indefinable sense of power and superiority with which he was invested by the very circumstances of his being. He was the direct descendant of the men who, in the days of the Terror, had controlled and directed the forces which in so brief a space of time had changed the whole face of Society, conquered the world, and stamped their supreme individuality upon a new order of things which they had made possible, and which for a century and a quarter had shaped the destinies of mankind.

More than this the blood of Natas himself flowed in his veins, transmitted through Natasha, whom men still revered as The Angel of the Revolution, the woman who at the supreme crisis of the world's Armaggedon had interceded for humanity and given peace instead of the sword.

Was it any wonder that the claims of blood and kindred, and even those of the traditional hate and longing for vengeance which had been transmitted to her through four generations, weighed as naught in the balance in comparison with the splendid ideal of sharing the empire of the world with such a man as this descendant of those who had stemmed the tide of despotism and victory, vanquished the victors, and fettered the Arch-despot of Earth in his own chains?

As such thoughts as these passed through her brain, a new and perhaps a nobler conception of her mission of revenge took possession of her. In the past Natasha had won the love of the man whose genius had made possible, nay irresistible, the triumph of that revolution which had subverted the throne of her ancestors, and sent the last of the Czars of Russia to die like a felon in chains amidst the snows of Siberia.

What more magnificent vengeance could she, the last surviving daughter of the Romanoffs, win, than the enslavement of the man descended, not only from Natasha and Richard Arnold, but also from that Alan Tremayne whose name he bore, and who, as first President of the Anglo-Saxon Federation, had ensured the victory of the Western races over the Eastern?

The Empire of Freedom and Peace, which Richard Arnold had won for Natasha's sake, this son of the line of Natas should convert at her bidding into an empire such as she longed to rule over, an empire in which men should be her slaves, and women her handmaidens. For her sake the wave of Destiny should flow back again; she would be the Semiramis of a new despotism.

What was the freedom or the happiness of the mass of mankind to her? If she could raise herself above them, and put her foot upon their necks, why should she not do so? By force the leaders of the Terror had overthrown the despotisms of the Old World; why should not she employ the self-same force to seat herself with the man she loved, in spite of all her hereditary hatred, upon the throne of the world and sign with him in that glorious land whose beauties had been revealed to her in the vision which surely had been something more than a dream?

Thus thinking and dreaming, and illumining the darkness with her own visions of glories to come, she lay in a kind of ecstasy until a knock at the door warned her that the time for dreaming had passed and the hour for action had arrived.

A brief half-hour sufficed for her toilet, and she entered the room of the hotel in which Serge was awaiting her, dressed to perfection in her plain clinging robe of royal purple, and self-composed as though she had passed the night in the most innocent and dreamless of slumbers. She submitted to his greeting kiss with as good a grace as possible, and yet with an inward shrinking which almost amounted to loathing, born of the visions which were still floating in her mind.

She shuddered almost invisibly as he released her from his embrace, and then the bright blood rose to her cheeks, and a sudden light shone in her eyes, as the thought possessed her that not many hours would pass before a far nobler lover would take her in his arms, and would press a kiss upon her lips, the lips which had sworn fealty and devotion to the enemies of her race.

Serge, with the true egotism of the lover, took the blush to himself, and said with a laugh of boyish frankness:

"Travelling and Russian air seem to agree with your Majesty. Evidently you have slept well your first night on Russian soil. I was half afraid that what happened yesterday, and your conversation with that golden-winged braggart from Aeria, would have sufficiently disturbed you to give you a more or less sleepless night, but you look as fresh and as lovely as though you had slept in the most perfect peace at home."

The anger that these unthinking words awoke in her soul brought back the bright flush to Olga's cheeks and the light into her eyes, and again Serge mistook the sign, as indeed he might well have done, and so he entirely mistook the meaning of her words when she replied with a laugh, of the true significance of which he had not the remotest conception:

"On the contrary, how was it possible that I could have anything but the sweetest sleep and the most pleasant dreams after such a delightful journey and the making of such pleasant acquaintances? Do you not think the Fates have favoured us beyond our wildest expectations in thus bringing our enemies so unconsciously across our path at the very outset of our campaign against them.

"But really these Aerians are delightful fellows. No, don't frown at me like that, because you know as well as I do, that in that chivalrous good-nature of theirs lies our best hope of success."

As she spoke she went up to him, and laid her two hands upon his shoulder, and went on looking up into his eyes with a seductive softness in hers.

"I am afraid I made you terribly jealous yesterday; but really, Serge, you must remember that in diplomacy, and diplomacy alone, lies our only chance of advantage in the circumstances which the kindly Fates appear to have specially created for our benefit.

"The time for you to act will come later on, and when it comes I know you will acquit yourself like the true Romanoff that you are; but for the present—well, you know these Aerians are men, and where diplomacy alone is in the question, it is better that a woman should deal with them. You will trust me for the present, won't you, Serge?"

For all answer he took her face between his hands, put her head back, and kissed her, saying as he released her:

"Yes, darling; I will trust you not only now but for ever. You are wiser than I am in these things. Do as you please; I will obey."

As he spoke the door opened, and an attendant came in with two little cups of coffee on a silver salver. He placed it on the table, told them that breakfast would be ready for them in the morning-room in ten minutes, and retired. As they sipped their coffee Olga said to Serge:

"Now we shall meet our enemies at breakfast, and I want you to be a great deal more cordial and friendly than you were yesterday. Our own feelings concern ourselves alone, but in our outward conduct we owe something to the sacred cause which we both have at heart. You can imagine how great a sacrifice I am making in my relations with those whom I have been taught to hate from my cradle.

"I can see as well as you do, perhaps better, that this future ruler of Aeria admires me in his own boyish way. If I can bring myself to appear complaisant, surely it is not too much to ask you to look upon it with indifference, or even with interest—a brotherly interest, you know—for you must remember that he knows me only as your sister.

"Now I want you to ask them to come and have breakfast with us at our table, and to exert yourself to appear agreeable to them, even as I shall, and above all things promise me that you will fall in with any suggestions that I may make as regards our trip in this wonderful air-ship which we are to make to-day.

"There is no time now to explain to you what I mean, but I swear to you by the blood that flows in both our veins that if I can only carry through, without any let or hindrance, the plans that I have already formed—that before forty-eight hours have passed that air-ship shall no longer be under Alan Arnold-son's command."

He looked at her for a moment with almost incredulous admiration. She returned his enquiring glance with a steady unwavering gaze, which made suspicion impossible. All his life he had grown up to look upon her as sharing with him the one hope that was left of restoring the ancient fortunes of their family. More than this they had been lovers ever since either of them knew the meaning of love.

How then could he have dreamt that behind so fair an appearance lay as dark and treacherous a design as the brain of an ambitious woman had ever conceived? Intoxicated by her beauty, and the memory of his life-long love, he took a couple of steps towards her, took her unresisting into his arms again, and said passionately:

"Give me another kiss, darling, and on your lips I will swear to trust you always and do your bidding, even to the death."

She returned his kiss with a passion so admirably simulated that his resolve was thrice strengthened by it, and then she released herself gently from his embrace, saying:

"Even so, unto the death if needs be, as I shall serve our sacred cause to the end, cost what it may! Come, it is time that we went down to breakfast."

CHAPTER XI.

PLAY AND PLOT.

BREAKFAST passed off very pleasantly, and by the time it was over Serge was upon much better terms with the two Aerians than he had been on the previous day. He had taken Olga's warning and appeal to heart, and he had done so all the more easily for the reason that he felt somewhat ashamed of himself for the ill-temper and bad manners of which he had been guilty, and which their two new acquaintances had repaid with such dignified courtesy and good humour.

His frankly expressed apology was accepted with such perfect good nature, unmixed with even a suspicion of condescension, that he felt at ease with them at once, and even began to regret that his destiny made it impossible for him to be their friend instead of their enemy.

The discussion of their plans for the day occupied the rest of the meal. They had a whole twenty-four hours before them, for the *Ithuriel* would not be back from San Francisco, where she was going when she passed the train, until ten o'clock on the following morning, so it was arranged that they would begin the day with a sleigh drive—a luxury which not even Aeria could afford—then the two Aerians were to see the sights of the city under the guidance of Olga and Serge, and perform the chief of the duties that brought them to St. Petersburg.

After luncheon they were to have a couple of hours on the ice in the park, into which the Yusupoff Gardens of the nineteenth century had been expanded, after which they would see the ice palaces illuminated at dusk, then dine, and finish the day at the opera. When the air-ship arrived a rapid flight was to be taken across Europe over the Alps and back to Moscow, across Italy, Greece, and the Black Sea, which would enable Alan and Alexis to deposit their guests with their Moscow friends soon after nightfall.

The sleigh-drive took the form of a race on the plain stretching towards Lake Ladoga, between the two troikas driven by Serge and Olga, who had so managed matters that she had Alan for a companion, and who, not a little to Serge's disgust, won it, after a desperate struggle, by a head. The race was a revelation to the two Aerians, and when Alan handed Olga out of the sleigh after they had trotted quietly back to the city, the interest which she had excited in him during the railway journey had already begun to deepen into a sentiment much more pleasing and dangerous.

The rest of the morning was devoted to driving about the city, and to paying a visit to the ancient fortress of Peter and Paul, which alone of all the fortress prisons of Russia had been preserved intact as a fitting monument of fallen despotism and a warning to all future generations. Once at least in his life every man in Aeria visited this fortress, as good Moslems visit Mecca, and this was the duty which Alan and Alexis were now performing.

In one of the horrible dungeons deep down in the foundations of the fortress, under the waters of the Neva, they were shown a massive gold plate rivetted on to the rough, damp stone wall. Its surface was kept brightly polished, and it looked strangely incongruous with the gloom and squalor of the cell. On it stood an inscription in platinum letters let into the gold:

"*In this cell Israel di Murska, afterwards known as Natas, the Master of the Terror, was imprisoned in the year* 1881, *previous to his exile to Siberia by order of Alexander Romanoff, the last of the Tyrants of Russia.*"

With feelings wide asunder as love and hate, or gratitude and revenge, the descendant of Natas and the daughter of the Romanoffs stood in front of this memorial plate, and read the simple and yet pregnant words. Alan and Alexis both bent their heads as if in reverence for a moment, but Olga and Serge gazed at it with heads erect and eyes glowing with the fires of anger, in a silence that was broken by Alan saying:

"Liberty surely never had a stranger temple than this, and yet this dungeon is to us what the Tomb of the Prophet is to the Moslems. I wonder what the last of the Czars would have thought if he could have foreseen even a little part of all that sprang from the tragedy that was begun in this dismal cell?"

"He would have killed him," said Olga, carried away for the moment by an irrepressible burst of passion, "and then there would have been no Natas, no Terror, and no Terrorist air-fleet, and Alexander Romanoff would have died Master of the world instead of a chained felon in Siberia! Your ancestor, Richard Arnold, would have starved in his garret, or killed himself in despair, as many other geniuses did before him, and——"

"And the world would have remained the slave-market of tyrants and the shambles of murderous men. Let us thank God that Natas lived to do his work!" said Alan, in a tone of solemn reverence, wondering not a little at Olga's strange outburst, and yet not having the remotest idea of its true cause.

Neither Olga nor Serge could reply to this speech. They would have bitten their tongues through rather than say "Amen" to it, and anything else they dare not have said. After a moment more of somewhat constrained silence, Olga turned towards the door, and said:

"Come! Let us go, the air of this place poisons me!"

When they got on the ice after lunch, Olga was not a little astonished to find that, perfect as she and Serge were in skating, the two Aerians were little inferior to them, despite the fact that they had just left their tropical home for the first time.

"How is this?" said Olga to Alan, as, hand in hand, they went sweeping over the ice in long, easy curves. "I suppose you manufacture your ice for skating purposes in Aeria?"

"No," he said. "Some of our mountains rise above the snow-line, and in their upper valleys they have little lakes, so, when we want a skating surface, we just pump the water up and flood them and let it freeze. Besides this—I don't think there is any harm in my telling you that we have a sort of wheel-skate which runs quite as easily as steel does on ice."

"Ah," said Olga, possessed by a sudden thought, "Then I suppose that is why the streets of your splendid city are so broad, and white, and smooth?"

Quietly as the words were spoken, Alan's hand tightened upon hers as he heard them with a grip that almost made her cry out with pain. It was some moments before he recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to ask her the meaning of

—And that the 20,000 letters dispatched from these offices in a twelvemonth represent the writing of 14,000,000 words, which means that our correspondence clerks make about fifty million taps on their typewriters.

her unexpected and amazing question. She greeted his question with a saucy smile and a mocking upward glance, and said quietly:

"Simply because I have seen them!"

It was a bow drawn at a venture. She had suddenly determined to test the truth of her vision and hazard a description from it of the unknown land.

"You have seen them!" cried Alan, now more amazed than ever. "But, pardon me, even at the risk of contradicting you I must tell you that that is impossible. No one not a born Aerian has set eyes on Aeria for more than a hundred years."

"So you think, perhaps," she said in the same quiet half-mocking tone. "Well now, listen and tell me whether this description is entirely incorrect. If it is correct you need say nothing, if it is not you can tell me so."

And then she began while he listened in a silence of utter stupefaction, and described the valley and city of Aeria as she had seen them in her dream-vision. When she had finished he was silent for several moments, and then said in a voice that told her that she had really seen it as though with the eyes of flesh:

"What are you? A sorceress, or—— No, you cannot be an Aerian girl in disguise, for none ever leaves the country till she is married."

"Then as I cannot be the latter," said Olga, "you must, I suppose, consider me the former. Now I shall take my revenge for your reticence in the train yesterday, and tell you nothing more. We are quits to that extent at least, and now we will go back to my brother, if you please."

With this Alan was forced to be content. Indeed, he could not have pursued the subject without breaking his oath, and so a few minutes later it came about that Olga and Serge were standing together in an unfrequented part of the lake, and here Olga took an opportunity that she might not have again of telling him as much as she thought fit for him to know of her plans for capturing the airship on the following day.

"I needn't tell you," said she, "that this air-ship is worth everything to us, and that therefore we must be ready to go to any extremities to get possession of it. It is the first step to the conquest of the world, for you heard Alan say to-day that she is the swiftest vessel in the whole Aerian fleet."

"But to do that we must first overcome the crew," said Serge, looking cautiously about to see if there was anyone within earshot. "How are we going to do that—two of us against ten or a dozen, armed with powers we know nothing about?"

"We must find means to drug them—to poison them, if necessary, during to-morrow's voyage," came the reply, in a whisper that made his heart stand still for the moment with utter horror.

"Good God! is that really necessary! It seems a horrible thing to do, when they are trusting us and taking us as their guests," he said in a low trembling tone.

"Yes," she replied, with a well simulated shudder; "it is horrible, I know, but it is necessary. Remember that we have solemnly sworn war to the knife against this people, and that, armed as they are, all open attack is impossible; therefore they must be struck in secret, or not at all.

"Now listen. I have brought with me a flask which my grandfather gave me a day or two before he died. It contains enough of a tasteless, powerful narcotic to send twenty people to sleep so that nothing will wake them for several hours. I will give you half of this to-night and keep half myself, and one of us must find an opportunity to get the crew to take it in their wine, or whatever they may drink, for they are sure to have one or two meals while we are on board.

"To-night I will send instructions in cypher to the Lieutenants in Vorobievo to tell them that as many as possible of the Friends must be ready for action by eight to-morrow night, and must wait, if necessary, night after night till we come. If all goes well we shall select the new crew of the Ithuriel from them before we see two more sunrises. In that, by the time we return from our voyage we must have absolute control of the vessel.

"Such an opportunity as this will never offer itself again, and I, for my part, am determined to risk everything, not excepting life itself, to take the best advantage of it. It would be madness to allow any scruples to stand in our way when the empire of the air is almost within our grasp."

"And none shall, so far as I am concerned," replied Serge in a low steady voice that showed that his horror at the deed they contemplated had succumbed, at least for the moment, to the tremendous temptation offered by the prospect of success.

"Spoken like a true Romanoff!" said Olga, looking up at him with a sweet smile of approval. "As the deed is so shall the reward be. Now we must get back to our friends. We will find a means to get an hour together before to-night to arrange matters further, and we will have Alan and Alexis to supper with us after the opera, and then I will begin my share of the work. Once the air-ship is ours, we can hide her in one of the ravines of the Caucasus, hold a council of war in the villa at Vorobievo, and set about the work of the Revolution in regular fashion."

The rest of the day was spent in accordance with the plans already agreed on. Olga and Serge had tea together in their private room before going to the theatre, and put the finishing touches to their plans for the momentous venture of the following day, and Alan and Alexis, all unsuspecting, accepted their invitation to supper after their return from the opera house.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SPELL OF CIRCE.

The seemingly innocent and pleasant little supper, which passed off so merrily in the private sitting-room occupied by Olga and Serge had but one incident which calls for description here, and even that was unnoticed, not only by the two guests, but by Serge himself.

Just before midnight, Olga proposed that, in accordance with the ancient custom of Russia, they should drink a glass of punch, brewed in the Russian style, and as she volunteered to brew it herself, it is needless to say that the invitation was [illegible] accepted.

The apparatus stood upon a little table in one corner of the room. For a single minute her back was turned to the three sitting at the table in the centre; her share in the conversation was not interrupted for an instant, and no one saw a couple of drops of sparkling blue liquid fall into each of three of the glasses from the little flask that she held concealed in the palm of her hand, and when she turned round with the little silver tray on which the glasses stood, the flask was resting at the bottom of her dress pocket.

She handed a glass to each of them, and then took her own up from the side table where she had left it. She went to her place, and, holding her glass up, said simply:

"Here's to that which each of us has nearest at heart!" and drank.

All followed suit, and as the clock chimed twelve a few minutes later the two Aerians took their leave and left Olga and Serge alone.

"You said you would begin your share of the work to-night," said he, as soon as they were alone. "Have you done so?"

"If you do your work to-morrow as successfully as I have done mine to-night," replied Olga, looking steadily into his eyes as she spoke, "the empire of the air will no longer be theirs."

Serge returned her glance in silence. He wanted to speak, but some superior power seemed to have laid a spell upon his will, and as long as Olga's burning eyes were fixed on his, his tongue was paralysed, nay, more than this, his mind even refused to shape the sentences that he would have liked to speak. Olga held him mute before her for several minutes, and then she said quietly, still keeping her eyes fixed on his:

"Now speak, and tell me what you would do if I told you that I preferred Alan as a lover to you, and that I would rather a thousand times be his slave and plaything than your wife."

"I should say that you are the mistress of my destiny, that I have no law but your will, and that it is for you to give me joy or pain, as seems good to you."

Serge spoke the unnatural words in a calm passionless tone, rather as though he were speaking in a sort of hypnotic trance than in full command of his senses. A strange subtle influence had been stealing through his veins and over his nerves ever since he had drunk the liquor which Olga had prepared.

He seemed perfectly incapable of resisting any suggestion that might have been made to him. His will was paralysed, but even the consciousness of this fact was fading from his mind. All his passions were absolutely in abeyance. Even his love for Olga failed to inspire him with any jealous resentment of words which half an hour before would have goaded him to frenzy. He heard them as though they concerned someone else.

The ruin of his life's hopes, which they implied so distinctly, had no meaning for him; so far as his volition was concerned he was an automaton, ready to obey without question the dictates of her imperious will.

"That will do," said Olga, in the tone of a mistress addressing a servant. "Now go to bed and sleep well, and remember the work that lies before you to-morrow."

"I will," said Serge, and without another word, without attempting to take his customary good-night kiss, he walked out of the room, leaving her to the enjoyment of her victory and the contemplation of triumphs that now seemed almost certain to her.

Punctual to its appointed time, the air-ship appeared in mid-air over the city a few minutes before ten the next morning. It sank slowly and gracefully to within a hundred feet of the ground over the garden of the hotel in which the two Aerians and their new friends were staying.

Signals were rapidly exchanged as before between Alan and one of the crew standing on the afterpart of the deck. Then it sank down on to one of the snow-covered lawns of the garden, a door opened in the glass covering of the deck, a short, light folding ladder with hand-rails dropped out of it to the ground, and Alan, springing up three or four of the steps, held out his hand to Olga, saying:

"Come along! we shall have a crowd round us in another minute."

This was true, for the appearance of the air-ship had already attracted hundreds of people in the streets, and many of them had already made their way into the gardens of the hotel in order to get a closer view of her.

Olga, feeling not a little like a queen ascending a throne, ran lightly up the steps, followed by Serge and Alexis. The moment they got on to the deck the ladder was drawn up, the glass door slid noiselessly to, and Alan at once presented them to his friends on deck.

To be continued next week.

First County Councillor: "I'm told the *acoustics* of this hall leave much to be desired, Mr. Brown!"

Second C. C. (delicately smiling): "Indeed, Sir Pompey! Can't say as I perceive anythink amiss myself, and my nose is pretty sharp, too!"

A private soldier, walking arm in arm with his sweetheart, met his sergeant when about to enter a restaurant. He respectfully introduced her to him:

"Sergeant, my sister!"

"Yes, yes," was the reply, "I know; she was mine once."

Got Left.—FitzJones: "Did you go to the pantomime last evening, Percy?"

De Brown: "No; I attended a sleight-of-hand performance."

FitzJones: "Where?"

De Brown: "I went to call on Miss Le Smythe, and offered her my hand, but she slighted it."

3d. SEARCHLIGHT 3d.

FAMOUS ANIMALS.

A returning Briton from Italy tells this story of an American fellow-wanderer in Rome; like some other travellers' tales, it is to be taken, no doubt, with certain grains of allowance.

The American, who had come from the plains of the West, visited the Vatican, and was courteously shown over the papal palace. He asked many questions, and desired to see everything.

After all the customary sights had been shown, the priest who attended him asked:

"Is there anything else, Signor American, that you would like to see?"

"There's one thing," answered the American, "that I want to see more than anything else, and I hain't been on the edge of it yet."

"What is that, signor?"

"The cattle pens."

"The cattle pens! Why, we have nothing of the sort, signor."

"You hain't? Then where in the world do you keep them papal Bulls that we're always hearin' about!"

SHOULD WE DRINK AT MEALS?

The arguments presented by many writers seem to prove that the moderate taking of fluids with the food at meals is not without benefit. But the importance of the thorough mastication of food before it is presented to the stomach must never be overlooked. If this is interfered with in any way by the use of liquids, we must promptly prohibit their indulgence.

Fluids may be taken *ad libitum* during meals by those whose digestive powers will allow it; but such persons should keep in mind that the strongest stomach may be abused too, for, while those whose stomachs are already unequal to a severe strain should be especially careful as to the quantity of fluid imbibed with the food.

The saliva is the best lubricator for the food while it is in the mouth, both because of its starch-digesting powers, and because its alkalinity serves to stimulate a copious flow of the acid secretion of the stomach.

Any habit, therefore, which permits the entrance of food into the stomach before it is thoroughly incorporated with saliva must be pronounced pernicious in the extreme.

If we cannot afford the time necessary for masticating our food properly, and incorporating it thoroughly with saliva, it would be better to take nothing but broths and similar food. The use of water and other liquids as lubricators is not to be tolerated.

On the other hand, if we bear in mind the whole mechanism of digestion, it will readily be seen that, in cases of indigestion, or want of tone on the part of the muscles of the stomach, when every part of the food cannot be properly presented to the action of the digestive juices, the introduction into the stomach of a moderate amount of water may be of no slight benefit. The mass of food will become more pliable, and so more easily operated upon by the weakened muscles.

Sunday-School Teacher: "Tommy, do you know what the meaning of 'Amen' is?"

Tommy: "Yes, 'm, it's what the people say when they think it's time for the minister to stop."

Affable Aristocrat: "Well, the fact is, my name is not Gibson. You see, I'm travelling incog. There's my card."

Our Mr. Tuppings: "Glad to hear it. I'm travelling in pickles. Here's mine."

RESULT OF RHYME COMPETITION.

It is just as well to give our budding poets a competition all to themselves now and then. They like it, and no one suffers, save the poor unfortunate member of our staff who is doomed to wade through the poems. Seriously speaking, a few quite creditable verses, referring in very kindly terms to our new paper, have come to hand.

Miniature Dictionaries has been forwarded to the following persons:—

F. W. Millard, 82, Copenhagen Road, New Road, Chatham; A. E. Wood, [illegible], Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.; Stephen Baxter, 17, South Road, Erith, Kent; William Usher, 3, Urwin Square, [illegible], Co. Durham; William Scott, 40, Tweed Street, Berwick-on-Tweed; T. M. [illegible], Southwick Engine Works, Sunderland; J. Plant, Larkfield, Richmond; H. Evans, 1, Ceres Road, Plumstead, Kent; Henry Bridge, [illegible], Lee, S.E.; James Stoker, Cross Street, [illegible], Durham; Miss M. Delmage, Oxford Barracks, Warrington; W. H. Hay, Harbour Constable, Folkestone Harbour, Folkestone; Miss C. B. Palmer, [illegible], Knighton, Radnorshire; William [illegible], Waterside, Irvine, Ayrshire; A. T. Berry, [illegible], Birmingham; [illegible] Dewes, [illegible], Mildmay Grove, Mildmay Park; [illegible] Dudley, [illegible] High Street, Poplar; [illegible] Reynolds, [illegible], Norwich; William [illegible], Keighley; [illegible] William Allan, [illegible], St. John's [illegible], Burley [illegible]; [illegible], Oxford; Miss C. Mitchell, [illegible], Leeds; [illegible], Police Station, [illegible]; J. Hardy, 44, Gable Street, [illegible]; Miss H. Allnutt, [illegible]; [illegible], Palmerston Street, Alexandra Road, [illegible], Leicester; [illegible], West [illegible], Colchester, Essex; Miss [illegible], Stoke, Devonport; [illegible], Woodstock Road, Poplar; D. Ditchfield, 11, Gordon Street, [illegible]; Miss [illegible], Appleton Villa, Newark-on-Trent; [illegible] Road, Southport; [illegible] High Street, Berkhamsted, Herts; [illegible], Carlisle; [illegible] Day, Rose Villa, Bradford; [illegible], Lord Street, Hoddesdon; Guillaume Brandon, Suffolk; A. E. Hopkins, [illegible]; [illegible], Ramsden Street, East, Huddersfield; J. Kemball, 69, Elm Road, [illegible]; Tom Nicholson, 13, St. [illegible], Eastbourne; Lance Corporal R. Dillon, Depot Royal [illegible], Kildare; [illegible], Craddock Street, Canton, Cardiff; [illegible], Whitlock, [illegible], Salisbury; John Johnston, Chief Petty Officer, H.M.S. "Excellent," Whale Island, Portsmouth; [illegible], Hill Street, St. Albans.

FICTION.

AN ANNOYING POET.—One day last month Joshua Bangs, editor of the Slumpton ARGUS, sent for a policeman, and when the officer arrived he shut the door and asked him to take a seat.

"Mr. Grady," he said, "your profession necessarily brings you into contact with the criminal classes, and familiarises you with them. That is why I have sent for you. My business is of a confidential nature, and I trust to your honour to regard it as a sacred trust confided in you.

"Mr. Grady, I wish to ascertain if among your acquaintances of the criminal sort you know of anyone who is a professional assassin—who hires himself out to anyone who wants to destroy a fellow creature? Do you know of any such person?"

"I dunno as I do," said P.C. Grady thoughtfully, rubbing his chin.

"Well," said the editor, "I wish you'd look round and see if you can light upon such a man, and get him to do a little job for me. I want a mercenary butcher who will slay a person whom I will designate.

"I don't care how he does it. He may stab him, or drown him, or burst him open with a torpedo, or perforate him with a gun. It makes no difference to me. I will pay him all the same. Now, will you get me such a man?"

"I might. I'll look round, at all events."

"Between you and me," said the editor, "the chap I'm going to assassinate is a poet—a fellow named Markley. He's been sending poetry to this paper for eight months. I never printed a line, but he keeps on stuffing it in as if he thought I was depositing it in the bank and drawing interest on it.

"Well, it's become so bad that it annoys me more than I can tell you. It keeps me awake at night. I'm losing flesh. That man and his poetry haunt me. I'm getting gloomy and morose. Life is beginning to pall upon me. I seem to be under the influence of a perpetual nightmare.

"I can't stand it much longer, Mr. O'Grady; my reason will totter upon its throne. Here, only this morning he sent me a poem entitled 'Despondency,' in which he exclaims:

'Oh, bury me deep in the ocean blue,
Where the roaring billows laugh;
Oh, cast me away on the weltering sea,
Where the dolphins will bite me in half.'

"Now, Mr. Grady, if you can find a competent assassin, I wouldn't make it a point with him to oblige Mr. Markley. I don't care particularly to have the poet buried in the weltering sea. If he can't find a roaring billow, I'll be perfectly satisfied to have him chucked in the river. And I daresay it'll make no material difference whether the dolphins gobble him, or the pike and eels nibble him up. It's all the same in the long run.

"Mention this to your murderer when you speak to him, will you? Mr. Grady, either the man is insane or I am; and if your butcher is going to stab Markley, you'll oblige me by mentioning that I want him to jab him deep, and fill the hole up with rat poison, or something to make it absolutely certain.

"I get eighteen poems a week, and they madden me. They keep my brain in a frenzied whirl. Grady, this man must die! Self-preservation is the first law of Nature. I have a wife and children; I conduct a great paper; I educate the public mind. My life is valuable to my country.

"Destroy this poet, and future generations will praise your name. He must be wiped out, exterminated, obliterated from the face of the earth. Kill him dead and bury him deep, and bring me in the bill for his tombstone.

"I leave the case with you. You need not tell me you have done the job. When the poems cease to come to me, I shall know that he is dead. That will settle it. Good morning."

The poet, it seems, heard of this interview from Grady, and he suddenly left town. The next morning THE ARGUS contained the obituary notice. The editor believes him to be lying in his grave.

SHOOTING THE DAM.—Last summer Peter Lamb spent his holiday in making a voyage in a canoe down a certain river. The only obstacles to complete enjoyment were numerous dams, which obstructed the stream, and round which it is customary for the voyagers to carry their canoes.

And the first of these encountered by Peter has, in the middle of it, an opening through which the water rushes with great swiftness. Just before reaching the dam Peter paddled in to shore, and interviewed a native respecting the condition of that opening.

"Do you think I can shoot the dam in this canoe?" asked Peter.

"Well, I should think you could," replied the man.

"No trouble about getting through."

"I think not. I never heard of anybody having any."

"Did anybody ever go through in a canoe?"

"Oh, yes. There was a feller here last week went through."

"What did he say about it?"

"He said nothing."

"He didn't seem scared?"

"No, after he went through he was as calm as a baby."

Then Peter resolved that he would try it. He paddled out to the channel, and into the current, and the canoe began to acquire frightful velocity. Then he thought he would give it up and haul the canoe round on dry land; but the current was too strong for him, and the only thing he could do was to keep the boat bow on and let her go.

By the time the opening was reached the canoe was making about four hundred miles an hour, and the next moment it was sliding down that watery hill like a flash of lightning.

When it struck the river below, it shot beneath the surface, carrying Mr. Lamb with it, and for a second or two he could feel himself proceeding under water at a high rate of speed. Then he lost consciousness.

When he revived he found that somebody had hold of his legs and was rolling him about, while close at hand lay his canoe, with a hole stove in her bottom, and his trousers with the point of a boat-hook fastened in the seat. Then they sat him up, and as soon as he seemed comfortable, the native who had given the information about the dam came up and said:

"Five shillings, please."

"Five—five—why, what—five shillings, for what?"

"For rescuing you from a watery grave. The regular charge."

"Why, you told me I could shoot the dam."

"Well, you did shoot it, didn't you?"

"And you said that other man last week did it safely."

"Oh, no! What I said was that he was calm after he went through. And so he was. He was very calm, because his breeches were so thin they wouldn't hold the boat-hook, and when we ketched him he was dead."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me it was so dangerous, you scoundrel?"

"Young man, don't use those harsh words. Why didn't I tell you? I did give you all the information you asked for; and, besides, I make my living fishing fellers out, and really now, look at the thing fairly, and you'll admit I can't be taking the bread out of my mouth by begging such fellers as you to get out and walk. Now, can I?"

Then Peter broke in the ribs of his canoe and went home in the train. He will take his next voyage on some river that has never been dammed.

MCGINNIS: "That's moighty foine whisky, Pat; how owld is it?"

Pat (pouring the last drops into his glass): "Faith, Oi don't know, but it's as owld as it will iver be!"

SHE: "I shouldn't think such a Society man as you would care about football."

He: "I have to keep in training as a matter of necessity. When I go to receptions it helps me to get down to supper first."

ELDERLY FIANCÉ: "I hope you are not impressed by the silly sentimentalists who hold that because you've married once you ought not to marry again?"

Pretty Widow: "Don't let that worry you, dear; I've no such prejudice. My own dear mother was married three times, and I only hope that in all things I may follow her example."

"MY friend," said the solemn man, "have you ever done aught to make the community in which you live the better for your living in it?"

"I have done much, sir," replied the other humbly, "to purify the homes of my fellow beings."

"Ah," continued the solemn man with a pleased air, "you distribute tracts?"

"No, I clean carpets."

WHEN a burglar "goes a-burgling" he adopts many strange devices. One of these night-hawks used to go to the scene of his operations in irreproachable evening dress. If discovered in the grounds of a suburban villa he instantly shammed drunkenness, pretended that he had been to an evening party and had lost his way. Obliging policemen used to put him in a cab and send him to a fictitious address. He was caught one night, however, crawling through a pantry window, and now his evening war-paint knows him no more.

PEOPLE who want to be married in good style should go to Georgia. The magistrate there ties the matrimonial noose in a very pompous way. His oration concludes as follows:

"By the authority vested in me as an officer of the State of Georgia, by the fields of cotton that lie spread out in snowy whiteness around us, by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling-place, by the red and luscious heart of the water-melon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy, by the heavens and earth, in the presence of these witnesses, I pronounce you man and wife."

FACTS.

A PERFECTLY proportioned man weighs twenty-eight pounds for every foot of his height.

ALL the gold and iron and coal which Australia produces in fifty years it drinks in ten.

THERE are twenty-one law firms in the United States that are conducted jointly by husbands and wives.

SOME of the fish in the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg have been exhibited for the last hundred and fifty years.

THE Irish mail-boats receive £95,000 a year subsidy. Only £4,000 less than is paid for all the North American mails from Queenstown to New York.

FOREIGN insurance companies do no business in Russia. The Government views with disfavour even the reinsurance of Russian risks in outside companies.

IN the Malay peninsula the natives use a coin of gum, the value of which is so small that 10,000 of them are only equivalent to the price of a copy of this paper.

THE Bank of England annually receives £247,000 from the Government for managing the public debt, paying the dividends, etc. Its private deposits range from £20,000,000 to £30,000,000.

THE most costly personage for whom the War Office finds clothing is the staff-sergeant of the Foot Guards, for whose scarlet tunic, ornamented with gold lace, crimson sash, and other splendid raiment, a sum of no less than £13 4s. 2d. is annually granted.

A GERMAN physiologist has found that a small amount of alcohol is contained in the milk of drunken mothers, so that the children of such women may be imbibers of spirit from earliest infancy. Possibly this may have something to do with hereditary tastes for stimulants.

THERE is a remarkable tightness in the Royal marriage market. There are as yet unmated the Czarevich, the Crown Prince of Italy, and the King of Servia, not to speak of the heirs to the crowns of Austria, Belgium, and Montenegro. Why? Because no Princesses are available without first changing their religions, and what nation likes its Prince to bring home a 'vert.

THE longest sleeping-car run in the world is doubtless that on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from Montreal to Vancouver, 2,905 miles. If the Canadian Pacific were desirous of increasing this remarkable run, it would easily extend to 3,077 miles by starting its cars at Quebec, or could make the mileage still more extraordinary, by adding 481 miles, and commencing it at St. John.

A MENDER of quill pens was appointed by the United States Senate twenty years ago. Now there is only one senator who uses a pen of that type. The office has not been abolished, and the officer draws his salary for providing a quill pen for one old-fashioned legislator. Apparently our American cousins do not neglect to provide comfortable sinecures in their Government departments.

MR. BACHELOR, a friend and assistant of Edison, was once nearly killed by electricity. He describes it as resembling the sensations of an immense rough file thrust through the quivering fibres of the body, a shuddering, rasping, grinding its way through lungs and heart. For over fifteen minutes he sat motionless, bathed in an icy and death-like sweat, and nervously unstrung from head to foot. Yet, strange to say, the shock passed away in a day or two.

IN many parts of Germany the wages paid to workmen are barely sufficient to keep the wolf from the door. For instance: at Lauscha the most expert bead-makers earn only from 11½d. to 1s. 2d. per day, working fifteen hours, and with their families rendering also some assistance. Makers of artificial eyes and pasteboard boxes at the same place earn daily from 1s. to 1s. 11d. At Igelshieb a bead-maker, having no family to help him, can earn but 6d. a day, while a man assisted by his family only earns 1s. per day. At Steinfreid the makers of artificial eyes earn about 9s. 6d. per week.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £1,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE, and also of the GENERAL ACCIDENT INSURANCE has been paid up to Feb. 25th, 1894 and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of ONE THOUSAND POUNDS under the conditions named in the coupon on page, and 439 against all General Accidents, to the extent and under the conditions named in the coupon on page 440

Richard Pearl
Secretary of the
Ocean Accident & Guarantee
Corporation, Limited

"P.W." proverb:—It's a rare number that does nobody any good.

RAILWAY RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

VIII.—A HARD CASE OF FAILURE TO CONNECT—STOLEN LUGGAGE AND THE COMPANY'S RESPONSIBILITY—THE LONDON WORKMEN'S TRAINS ASSOCIATION—A MISTAKE FOR WHICH THE G. W. R. OUGHT TO PAY—THE WRETCHED SERVICE ON A BRANCH OF THE L. B. & S. C. R.—INSANITARY LAVATORY ACCOMMODATION.

A CASE of great importance to a very large class of railway travellers has just been decided at Congleton. A passenger sued the North Staffordshire Railway Company for loss of time and fare paid under the following circumstances:

On the 9th of last month he took a return market ticket from Congleton to Wheelock by the 7.15 a.m. The train was late in consequence of a goods train being in front of it. At Harecastle Station, where he had to change, he found the Wheelock train had gone, and there would not be another for five hours. He therefore had to book by a roundabout route from Crewe, and got to his destination three hours late. He lost his case. The Company won on the ground, first, that the law gave them the right to limit their liability as to non-meeting of trains (although another Company once found the law different in this respect), and, second, because the market ticket was one of those issued at the special cheap rate.

The decision seems to put a great hardship on the public, because if a Company, by merely stating that it will not hold itself liable for delay can keep its passengers waiting for five hours with impunity, they could do pretty nearly anything to inconvenience their patrons. But there is another moral to the case which applies to many others that correspondents have written about, and that is that passengers taking special cheap or excursion tickets are practically at the mercy of the Company, and can get no redress for inconvenience or delay, and must put up with all regulations, however vexatious.

W. E., who is an actor in a touring company, seems to have been very hardly treated by the Great Western Company. A few weeks ago his luggage was sent on in advance to Reading Station in the usual way with that of his fellow members. While the luggage was in the truck a portmanteau was stolen from it, broken open and ransacked, then thrown into a dustbin on the Company's premises, where everything got saturated with rain and spoilt.

For over a month he has exchanged letters with the Company without result, the superintendent declining to take the responsibility. W. E. claimed £20, which he states is the bare cost of the things which have to be replaced. . . . I am afraid before W. E. could get compensation he would have to prove "contributory negligence" on the part of the Company's servants, which would be a difficult and costly thing to do.

The G. E. R. recently successfully resisted a claim for a portmanteau admitted to contain £250 worth of jewellery, which had been stolen by one of their servants. The law is that goods above the value of £10 must be declared, and an insurance paid over and above the carriage, otherwise it is practically impossible to make the Company liable. Such, at least, is the opinion of Justices Lawrance and Wright, of the Queen's Bench Division.

Those interested in the important question of Workmen's Trains will like to know that there is in existence a London Workmen's Trains Association. It is, I believe, entirely conducted by working-men, and the programme, of which a copy has been sent to me, appears to be very reasonable. The following are the principal points in it:—

All railway systems having termini in London shall run a sufficient number of workmen's trains up and down, between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m., over a radius of twenty miles from the termini. That the maximum return fares shall be 1d. for five miles, 2d. for twelve, 3d. for fifteen, and 4d. for twenty miles. This is very reasonable, seeing that the chairman of the G.E.R. has admitted that "the workmen's trains from Enfield to Liverpool Street and back (which is twenty-one miles) pay at 2d."

Workmen's tickets are to be available at intermediate stations, and available for six days from date of issue; but I don't quite see why they should be "available to return by any ordinary train," as this contradicts the idea of the workmen's train, and would inflict an injustice on those who had to pay full fares. The Association also desires to prevent Companies contracting out of paying full compensation for injury or loss of life, and also to do away with the £100 compensation limit as regards workmen, and settle the amount due by appeal to a Board of Arbitration. The address of the Honorary Secretary is 7, Bristol Road, East Ham. I give it so that those who are interested in its work may communicate direct.

H. W. and several others seem to have had a very unpleasant Christmas experience on the G.W.R. Several Bristol passengers took the London train for Reading. The train was an express, and was to slip a carriage at Reading, but the officials either forgot or else the slip did not work; anyhow, the carriage pulled up at Twyford instead of Reading. An engine had to be sent for to Reading to haul the carriage back. H. W.'s friends were going to spend Christmas at Bozedown, some miles out of Reading. The friends who came to meet them went away again thinking they had not come. Hence they had to put up at Reading and got to their destination at two o'clock on Sunday instead of on the Saturday evening. If the facts are as stated I should say the Company ought to pay expenses.

Several correspondents living on the Horsham, Steyning, and Portsmouth branch of the L.B.S.C.R., complain strongly of the wretched service of trains *via* Shoreham Junction. There is only one train in the day which connects through, and that is at 8.30 a.m. The second leaves Steyning at 10.52, gets to Shoreham at 11.3, and then there is a stop of forty-five minutes before passengers can get on to Portsmouth. By the next there is a wait of about an hour, and by the next one of nearly an hour and three-quarters. At 7.22 there is a train from Steyning to Shoreham, passengers by which have to wait over an hour and a half, while the 9.23 from Steyning just misses the Shoreham train; hence, save by the one train, it seems impossible to travel by this route without a most exasperating waste of time. . . . . Why Companies should play the fool thus with their patrons is one of those mysteries of modern life which will probably never be solved. There is no remedy but the appointment of an impartial Railway Commission with power to examine these grievances and enforce the remedies it finds necessary.

I have had a good many complaints upon a subject which certainly ought not to be overlooked, in such a column as this, and that is the insanitary and uncomfortable nature of the lavatory accommodation provided for ladies at too many country and suburban railway stations. I don't propose to mention any stations in particular at present. I simply make the general assertion, as it seems, from letters that have reached me, that not only do many railway companies fail lamentably in this regard, but that sanitary inspectors by no means do their duty with regard to a very important area of their responsibility.

[*Correspondence invited. Mark envelopes* "RAILWAY."]

THE THAW IN RUSSIA.

WHEN we reflect that a frost in Russia rarely lasts for less than six months it will be readily understood that the thaw must be a pretty serious affair. I know few things so dismal as a thaw anywhere, and in Russia it is enough to provide the most cheerful person with a fit of the blues.

The roads, never much to boast about in Russia, become simply impassable. Beneath the few inches of snow or mud which form the surface of a sledge-track is a hard layer of dirty snow, which has been trodden into an icy mass, and which must be broken up with picks and carted away before the summer road, formed of cobbles, is reached. Hence, for a few days, it is a most unpleasant business to have to go about out of doors at all.

The rivers, which have been covered up with a pure white shroud of snow and a coffin-lid of about four or five feet of ice, begin during Lent to look grey, then almost black, then wet and perforated and spongy.

Finally, about the middle of April, you may see, one fine day, the whole surface of the ice suddenly gather up its skirts and saunter off towards the sea.

It is an imposing sight when the Neva thus shakes herself free from the Frost King, in whose clutches she has so long been captive, and carries away her chains on her broad back, to be shot like rubbish into the sea. The disappearance makes a wonderful change in the temperature of St. Petersburg, and a balmy, spring-like feeling is at once discernible in the air.

Sometimes, when the Neva ice is sailing off in this way, a man or a dog may be remarked upon it, to the great excitement of the spectators. The man in question is generally drunk, and if not too drunk is generally rescued. Dogs and other animals are frequently carried away to sea and lost.

On one occasion, a very drunken man was seen stumbling across the unstable roadway afforded by the slowly floating mass of ice. He had been accustomed to cross the river at this spot, and had not noticed any difference in the state of the ice, for he had often experienced this sensation before. Pavements frequently seemed to move beneath his feet, and it was nothing unusual that the ice-pavement on the river should do so too.

But there seems to be almost a special Providence which looks after drunken men, and he managed to reach the other side of the river in perfect safety, amid the intense excitement of a crowd which had assembled to witness his passage.

HE THOUGHT SO.—Child: "Mamma, is it true that people are made of dust?"

Mamma: "Yes, dear."

Child: "Then I suppose the negroes are made of coal dust."

JENKINS: "Well, sir, I gave it to that man straight, I can tell you, sir. He is twice as big as I am, too, but I told him exactly what I thought of his rascally conduct right to his face, and I called him all the names in the dictionary."

Spudds: "And didn't he try to hit you, Jenkins?"

Jenkins: "No, sir, he didn't. And when he tried to answer back I just hung up the telephone and walked away."

SHORT OR LONG SENTENCES?

A WORD WITH THE RECORDER OF LIVERPOOL.

MR. HOPWOOD, Q.C., M.P., has come greatly into prominence during the past few years, in part by reason of the lenient sentences he passes on prisoners who are brought before him at the Liverpool Sessions. Whilst other judges habitually sentence thieves to imprisonment for months, the Liverpool Recorder has been known to content himself with letting a thief off with the nominal punishment of one day's incarceration.

His attitude having created alarm in some quarters, a *P. W.* representative called the other morning on the Recorder, who, in reply to a number of questions, gave the following information:—

"Ever since I became Recorder of Liverpool in 1886 I have followed out two rules, the first of which is never to imprison a man if I can reasonably avoid doing so, and the second, whenever I have felt obliged to punish, to punish as lightly as I feel justified in doing. In carrying out this policy I have reduced imprisonment by about two-thirds as compared with the sentences of my predecessor.

"To speak more accurately, a saving of 2,926 years imprisonment has been effected in the sentences on a total of 3,747 prisoners dealt with at the Sessions up to the end of the year 1893.

"If anyone will think for himself he will see what a saving of human suffering and State expenditure is secured. And look at the following figures:—The indictable offences in Liverpool, as shown by the Police Returns for the year 1886, were 5,626; in 1892 they were only 3,171.

"I don't claim to have reduced crime, but I do claim to have demonstrated that light sentences are as effective in reducing it as heavy ones; because I frequently give a man a month whose offence is such that the law allows me to give him several years' penal servitude. Nearly every judge is in favour of a Court of Criminal Appeal, or at any rate some tribunal for revising sentences. Why, it is actually in the power of a judge to sentence a man to penal servitude for ten years for stealing a shovel!

"In cases of assault and the uttering of base coin I have repeatedly given short sentences—say a month or two—with the result that these crimes have been greatly diminished, as figures will testify. My attention was first directed to this matter some forty years ago in this manner:—

"At the Manchester Sessions most severe sentences were the order of the day, while at Salford, a few yards away, where similar property was exposed, and the conditions of life were identical, extreme leniency was studied.

"It would have been predicted that the calendar of Salford would rise above that of Manchester, or that the Manchester calendar would be reduced. However, the number of prisoners at each Court remained practically stationary.

"When I sentence a man to one day's imprisonment he has often been awaiting trial for six weeks or two months, so he does not get off so lightly after all. I have never sentenced a burglar to one day's imprisonment, as some people say, for the simple reason that I have no jurisdiction over burglary.

"I am glad to be fortified on general questions of leniency by views and examples of judges like the Lord Chief Justice, Justices Mathew, Wright, and Collins. After prolonged imprisonment a convict comes back to the world absolutely broken down, with everything that was manly in him obliterated. He has been, in fact, a slave for years, and returns to his old haunts a victim to the influence of anyone with a stronger will than he, through prison life, now possesses. He has no power to resist evil suggestions and is a poor, helpless creature with no means of livelihood but a resort to pilfering.

"This is not the case with offenders, who, after short sentences, come out of prison with strength left to enable them to seek honest employment."

AN eighty-three-year-old husband in Sydney, U.S.A., is suing for a divorce. He complains that "his wife hides his spectacles, puts cinders in his shoes, does not give him enough bedclothing," and otherwise illtreats him.

BARBER: "Mein gracious! You von't do."

New Man: "You schoost dold me to go to vork."

Barber: "You von't do. Now you haf your hat off I see you are bald. How you sell my hair restorer, eh?"

"MY friend," he said to the hotel manager, "I'm a very nervous man. Couldn't you give me a room with a fire-escape in it? You've got one, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied the manager. "And I might remark that, except in case of fire, we keep the bulldog chained at the bottom of it."

And the weary stranger sighed and sauntered forth.

AN old soldier entered a tobacconist's shop and asked for a pennyworth of tobacco. With an inquisitiveness natural to the bargaining Scot, he asked how much he could get for a penny.

"I will give you," said the shopman, "a bit to stretch from ear to ear.

"Done," said the soldier, "one ear is here (pulling it), the other lies in the Crimea."

"P.W." proverb:—A reader of "Short Stories" gathers no bosh.

LARGEST AND SMALLEST HOTELS.

THE largest hostelry in the world is at present the Coronado Hotel, of San Diego, Cal., which, including a few outbuildings, covers some fourteen acres of ground, and would accommodate the population of a small town.

The smallest is probably the *Posada de los Cumbres*, the "Summit Tavern," on the old military overland road from Oaxaca, Mexico, to the Pacific.

It consists merely of a few slabs of stone and rails braced against a hollow rock, but forms the permanent habitation of a provision vendor, and has more than once sheltered travellers caught in the snowstorms of the Upper Sierra.

The crevices above the recess of the cave form its only chimney flue, and the total cost of its construction can hardly have exceeded £2.

DESTROYING BANK-NOTES.

WITH the Bank of England the destruction of its notes takes place about once a week, and at 7 p.m. It used to be done in the daytime, but made such a smell that the neighbouring stockbrokers petitioned the governors to do it in the evening. The notes are previously cancelled by punching a hole through the amount (in figures), and tearing off the signature of the chief cashier.

The notes are burned in a closed furnace, and the only agency employed is shavings and bundles of wood. They used to be burned in a cage, the result of which was that once a week the City was darkened with burned fragments of notes. For future purposes of reference, the notes are left for five years before being burned.

The number of notes coming from the Bank of England every day is about 50,000, and 350,000 are destroyed every week, or something like 18,000,000 every year. The stock of paid notes for five years is about 77,745,000 in number, and they fill 13,400 boxes.

If the notes were placed in a pile they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 12,455 miles long.

A CURE REFUSED.

THERE was a woman in the train with her face tied up with a handkerchief, and directly opposite was a benign-looking citizen who was on the watch to extend consolation to some poor suffering fellow mortal. He had scarcely noticed the woman when he leaned forward and inquired:

"Have you toothache, ma'am?"

She nodded her head.

"Too bad! Does it ache very hard?"

She nodded again.

"I know how to pity you. I'd as soon be knocked down as have the toothache for fifteen minutes. I suppose you've tried peppermint, camphor, hot salt, whisky, and all that?"

She nodded again.

"Well," continued the benign man, "I've heard that all these things can be overcome by strength of will-power. They say that imagination has a good deal to do with it. Suppose you imagine that your tooth doesn't ache the least bit."

"And suppose you imagine you are the biggest donkey in London," hotly exclaimed the woman, as the tooth gave a jump which lifted her a foot high.

The benign man muttered "Um! Um!" and went to the end of the carriage and sat down and began to read a newspaper.

TEACHING CAVALRY TO SWIM.

THE growing conviction in Germany that cavalry in the next war will be almost solely valuable for reconnoitring, has led to the introduction of regular and painstaking exercises in swimming for men and beasts.

The first of these exercises is to accustom the horse to the water, for although every horse is naturally a good swimmer, the physical shock incident to entering the strange element, not infrequently renders him incapable of swimming. A cavalry officer has recently expressed the opinion that the failure to judge a horse's swimming powers first after the horse had been accustomed to the water, had resulted in a general under-estimate of the possibility of an efficient swimming cavalry in war.

The horse is first led into a stream with a moderate current to facilitate swimming. A guide-line is fastened to its neck, and is held and carried forward by a swimming cavalryman. Then comes the swimming with the line, and later with empty saddle, with a clothed cavalryman, with straw packets, and, finally, with all the regular baggage.

After this comes the exercises of cavalry troops in bodies, till the transport of whole squadrons and regiments has been accomplished without the aid of a single plank or pontoon.

The Russian cavalry have already been drilled so thoroughly in swimming that horses without riders are often made to swim two or three miles. Last year special drill in swimming was carried on by the cavalry stationed at Konigsberg, Karlsruhe, and Berlin.

ENGLISHMEN AND FOREIGNERS.

ENGLISHMEN are apt to feel a contempt for all foreigners and their ways. Lord Wolseley says that among English soldiers the very food of other nations is a common topic of ridicule. An English general, about to attack Cadiz, and knowing the prejudices of his men, excited their enthusiasm in a novel way.

"You Englishmen," said he, addressing them, "who are fed upon beef, don't surely mean to be beaten by a lot of Spaniards who live upon oranges?"

At the time of the abortive attempt at invading England, made by the French in 1797, several of their soldiers, prisoners of war, were buried in Burton churchyard. Many a time it has been suggested to the present rector, by the peasants of the village, when complaint was made of the crowded condition of the burial ground:

"Dig up them old French, sir. What's the good of them?"

WHAT THEY WOULD DO.

IT was during the Russo-Turkish war, and while relations were very strained between Great Britain and the Czar, that a member was indiscreet enough to put a question to Disraeli, who was then Prime Minister, as to the policy of the Government in the event of the Emperor of Russia doing a certain act.

Members shuddered as Disraeli, with a most funereal face, slowly advanced to the table. The question, he declared, in a slow measured voice, was one of such perilous moment, that the hon. member acted most unwisely in putting it on the paper; yet it was a question of such importance that the only course now open to the Government was to accept the inevitable and boldly answer.

"If," declared Disraeli, "the Emperor takes this step, all I can say—and I am speaking after a prolonged consultation with my colleagues—the Government will then give the policy they are to pursue their very best attention."

"THRINS."

CERTAINLY, if any man is entitled to coin a word it is the happy father under the circumstances narrated below. He was already the father of six children, all daughters.

Then three little boys were born to him at the same time.

Radiant with happiness, the proud father set out to spread the news abroad. He stopped first at the house of his nearest neighbour, whom he hailed with:

"I say, Joe Knapp, ye don't know what I got over at my house!"

"No, I can't say that I do," replied Joe.

"Well, what'd ye say if I told you I had a little boy over there?"

"I should say I was glad over it," said Joe heartily.

"Well, now, what'd you say if I told you I had *two* little boys, hey?"

"Better still," replied Joe. "So you have twin boys?"

"Twins? Why, bless your soul, Joe, I've got *thrins!* Yes, *thrin boys!*" and off he rode to proclaim the arrival of the "thrins" at every house in the neighbourhood.

EASY MINING.

THERE are many kinds of mines and numerous inventions for saving precious metals, but the strangest one in the world is in Butte, Montana, U.S.A. When mines were discovered in Butte it was found that the water contained in the fissures was strongly impregnated with copper in solution; so much so that iron cages, cars, and tools of all kinds were quickly destroyed by the affinity of the copper for the iron.

Only a few weeks' immersion in the waters reduces a mass of iron to pulp, a fact which makes it necessary for all material used in the mine and composed of iron or steel to be replaced at frequent intervals.

For a long time the water pumped out of the mine went to waste, as no method was known of extracting the copper from it. After a while, however, a discovery was made that is being utilised to good advantage.

Some tin cans found their way into the small stream. In a short time it was noticed that they had every appearance of being made of pure copper, so thickly were they coated with that metal. They were regarded as curiosities by all who saw them, but presently one man saw farther than the "curiosity"—he saw the use.

He began to experiment, and found that old cans and iron junk thrown into the water were soon destroyed, leaving in their stead a rich deposit of copper. He thought it would pay to extract the copper from the water by this process, and immediately purchased the exclusive right to the water.

Then he put in a series of reservoirs and tanks along the little gully where the water ran. These he filled with the old metal to be had in the neighbourhood, including barrel hoops.

At the end of six months he found that the old junk was totally destroyed, and in its place was a sedimentary deposit in the bottom of the reservoirs and tanks which yielded eighty per cent. of copper.

A GREAT SPEECH.

A LAWYER, whose eloquence was of the spread-eagle sort was addressing the jury at great length, and his legal opponent, growing weary, went outside to rest.

"Mr. B—— is making a great speech," said a countryman to the bored counsel.

"Oh, yes, Mr. B—— always makes a great speech. If you or I had occasion to announce that two and two make four, we'd be just fools enough to blurt it right out. Not so, Mr. B——. He would say:

"'If, by that particular arithmetical rule known as addition, we desired to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers we should find—and I assert this boldly, sir, and without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, should find by the particular arithmetical formula before mentioned—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the other two integers would be four!'"

COURAGE OR SWAGGER.

CAN a brave soldier carry coolness in battle to the point of affectation? An incident told of the French General Custine, and his aide-de-camp, Baraguay d'Hilliers, seems to prove that this may be possible.

During a battle, Baraguay d'Hilliers was reading a despatch to the General, holding the letter with both hands, when a ball passed straight between his two hands and cut a hole straight through the letter.

The aide-de-camp paid no attention to the bullet, but paused in his reading and looked closely at the riddled page.

"Go on, go on!" said the General.

"I beg pardon, General," said Baraguay d'Hilliers, "but a word seems to have been blotted out here. Well, I will go on with the next."

This story is not unlike one told, with what truth we do not know, of a Western Captain in the American Civil War, who, after an engagement, had seated himself under a tree and was smoking a pipe, when a stray bullet knocked off the bowl of the pipe, leaving the stem in his mouth. He continued to puff for a moment, and then said to his orderly:

"This pipe draws too well, Robinson, I wish you would bring me a fresh one."

BRAVE AND READY.

SOME years ago, a company of geologists were examining some rocks between Aberystwyth and Llanrhystyd, in Wales, and were making their way along a narrow ledge of projecting rock, on the face of a cliff, about a hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea.

As they rounded a projecting angle, the rock on which the last man stood gave way. He was whirled round, with his face to the sea, but with instant presence of mind grasped the ledge at his side with one hand, and extended the other to the man in advance, who happened to be his uncle.

The latter grasped it, and thus held him suspended for fully five minutes, having only six inches of standing ground. There was a breathless pause, during which the uncle gazed upon a rock, some ninety feet below, on which the young man was doomed to be dashed.

"Tom," he said at length, with perfect calmness, "there is but one way for it. I'll save you, or we will die together. Loose your hold of the rock."

"Yes, uncle," said the young man faintly as he obeyed.

Then the uncle sprang into the air, and with such force that the two turned several somersaults, still linked together. They struck the water at some distance from the rock, and slowly and painfully regained the shore.

HOW A RUBBER FOREST LOOKS.

ACCORDING to recent accounts of the reckless manner in which forests of rubber trees are destroyed, india-rubber will soon be much more scarce and costly than it now is, and when that happens it is probable that somebody will invent a substitute. At present, however, it is interesting to know what a recent traveller says of the india-rubber forests of Nicaragua.

"A forest of them may be detected without the eyes of an expert, for they are scared and dying from the wounds of the machete, the big knife used by the natives. The ordinary specimen of Nicaragua is from fifty to one hundred feet high, and about two feet in diameter.

"The bark is white, and the leaves oval, with a slight inclination downwards. The cuts are made about two feet apart, and usually extend from the ground to the first branch, channels being scored in the sides to lead the juice into a bag. The average yield of a tree is from five to seven gallons of milky fluid.

"This is mixed with the juice of the 'wisth,' which hastens congelation. After this operation the crude rubber is baled up and shipped north to be refined and further prepared for commerce. Another tree, very similar to the rubber, and often mistaken for it, is the cow-tree. This yields a liquid very much like milk in taste and appearance."

"The man who hesitates is lost." This applies as well in front of a newsvendor's counter. Don't hesitate but pay your penny like a man for "Short Stories."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Our New Paper, *Home Notes*, was published on Thursday, and I hope by this time many of you will have seen a copy, and that many of those who have done so will write and let me know what they think of it.

I know, at all events, that the recipients of the huge pile of copies which I saw packed for post in the publishing office on Wednesday evening have had by now an opportunity of judging whether I have carried out the promises which induced them to send in their shillings. I am not boasting, but I feel I may say that the disappointed will be very, very few, for though, of course, one never *quite* reaches one's ideal, *Home Notes* is a child of which I am thoroughly proud.

I have been quite touched by the enormous number of subscriptions that have come in, and, more especially, by the many kind and friendly letters which have accompanied hundreds of them. When I suggested to my readers to take this way of getting my new paper, I felt that it was a very bold thing to do, as I was, of course, suggesting that they should pay for a thing which was not even in existence.

The fact that so many responded, and in such friendly fashion, makes me feel that my three and a half years of work in this page have indeed been repaid by the making of such a number of friends who have real confidence in me.

Now I am afraid that you will think this a very egotistical talk, but I haven't offended much in this way in the past, have I?

May I once more briefly summarise our paper? It consists of a stiff cover, enclosing *thirty-two* pages of reading matter, and not one of them contains a puff of an advertised article. For years past I have been quite disgusted with the amount of space which ladies' papers devote to puffs, which are of course nothing but more or less skilfully-disguised advertisements; and when *Home Notes* was planned I determined that any advertisements which it contained should appear as advertisements, and not as sham reading matter.

The thirty-two pages—which are printed on beautiful polished paper—are packed as tightly as possible with all kinds of matter that is likely to be useful to womankind, and which is relieved by poetry, articles on various subjects, and an instalment of a serial story. This last, which is called THE SALE OF A SOUL, is really good, and is beautifully illustrated with dainty little wash drawings.

The aid of the illustrator is, indeed, called plentifully into play throughout the paper.

There are various prize competitions, in which the prizes range in value from half-a-guinea to twenty guineas.

I have spoken so fully in recent issues about the various features of the paper that I will not allude to them further, so I will content myself with saying that number two will be better than number one. Bad as it seems, one never can do one's best at a first attempt.

Will you please remember that any newsvender can supply *Home Notes*. If he has not got it, or his stock is exhausted, he has only to apply to his wholesale agent, as these are fully supplied throughout the three kingdoms. *He can get the paper for you if you want it, and it only costs a penny.*

Prepare Ammonia for general household use from my recipe, and you will no longer tell me that you consider the cleansing powers of ammonia are over-stated. First mix one pint of alcohol with an equal quantity of nice rain water. Then add one pint of strong ammonia. These proportions are what I use for cleaning spots off clothing, the shiny appearance off silk, and for cleaning plate, and find it useful in many other ways. (*Reply to* DAINTY LADY.)

May this Hairwash suit your purpose. It is a very old-fashioned one, and extremely cleansing to the scalp as well as good for promoting the growth of the hair. Place one ounce of powdered borax, ditto camphor, into a pint wine bottle, and fill it up gradually with boiling water. This wash should be well rubbed into the roots of the hair twice a week with a sponge. Write to me again by all means about the other subjects on which you desire information. (*Reply to* GIANTESS M.)

Savoury Biscuits. Take about twelve plain thin water biscuits, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, one ounce of butter, cayenne, and mustard. Mix the grated cheese well with the butter, cayenne, and mustard, and spread the mixture on to one side of each biscuit. Place on a baking sheet and bake for five minutes in a hot oven. Serve on a napkin with a sprinkling of grated cheese. This you will find a very useful plain savoury, and one that is a little uncommon just now. (*Reply to* BETA, Wandsworth.)

Here is a Recipe for a Substitute for a Sponge which has lately been recommended to me. Make a bag, twelve inches long by eight wide, of cheese cloth. Put into it a large handful of wheat bran, a little pinch of powdered soap, and one ounce of well bruised orris-root. Use this bag exactly as you would a sponge, and place it in the air to dry each day. The bag should be refilled about once a week with fresh bran and soap powder; the orris-root will last longer.

To Stone Raisins Easily, pour on boiling water, and let them remain in a short time.

In Making Sauces always stir well with a wooden spoon; if this is not done the sauce is apt to become lumpy.

To Remove Wine and Lemon Jelly from a Tin Mould. Before pouring in the jelly, delicately oil the mould, and thus, when the jelly has become set, it can be removed without trouble.

Housekeepers will do well to pursue to the death the big, buzzing "bluebottle," who is making himself so noisily prominent at present. For every one that is executed there will be one less flourishing household of flies on some warm day this winter or early spring.

After Meat and Poultry is nicely cooked, it should at once be removed from the water, or it will be sodden and lose its flavour. Therefore, if dinner has to be put off, the fowl should be taken out of the broth, put into a dish, and covered over with a clean cloth, and stood in a warm place till served.

The Correct Proportions for Maitre d'Hotel Butter are a quarter of a cupful of creamed butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, ditto pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, ditto lemon juice. To be spread quickly on a hot steak or chop. (*Reply to* MINA C.)

As Taking Quinine, you say, is so objectionable to you, I should strongly advise you trying it in milk, which is a solvent of quinine, and disguises the bitter taste. As your dose is five grains of quinine, I would add a teaspoonful of milk to it; but if you add more milk you will notice the bitter taste of the quinine less. (*Reply to* TINY N.)

In Making Layer Cake, one sometimes tires of using jelly or chocolate for filling, and figs and raisins make an agreeable change, as well as a richer cake. Take one half-pound of figs, and one cup of raisins. Cut the figs in halves, and steam the raisins for half an hour, then chop while warm. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add to the fruit, together with two-thirds of a cupful of granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. This is now ready to spread between the layers of cake.

Another Use for Stale Bread. Cut some slices of bread, quarter of an inch thick, and form them into rounds. Make a frying batter with three tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, a pinch of salt, ditto baking-powder, and mix to a stiff batter with a little milk; add sugar to taste. Take two of the pieces of bread and spread one with a layer of thick preserve, press the other on to it. Spread the batter all over the outsides of this sandwich, place in a frying basket, and fry a golden brown in boiling fat.

Baked Haddock for Breakfast will be found a very excellent dish if cooked thus:—Take a good thick haddock, place it in a baking pan, with the skin downwards, and add enough water just to cover the skin, but not the rest of the fish. Bake for about a quarter of an hour, take the haddock up, and tear off the skin, and drain all the water from the baking-tin. Place the fish back in the pan with sufficient milk to cover it, strew little bits of butter over it, and serve when it is nicely browned and cooked.

A Cottage Pie is a good way of using up the remains of a cold joint, especially in winter weather. For it allow to one pound of cold meat, one Spanish onion, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a seasoning of pepper, salt, and curry powder. First chop the onion and fry it in dripping till brown, flour it well, then add gradually a little water as stock and the parsley. Chop the meat rather finely, add it to the gravy and seasoning, and place it in a pie-dish. Cover with a layer of mashed potato, put a few bits of dripping on the top, and bake in a good steady oven for forty minutes. It is a good plan to add a little catsup, tomato sauce, or pickle vinegar to the gravy, just to vary the flavour. (*Reply to* MANY MOUTHS.)

Surprise Onions are evidently what you wish to make, and I will give the recipe in this page, for I daresay many readers will be glad to be reminded of such a useful entrée. First boil six Spanish onions, without peeling them, for one and a half hours. Take the onions out and drain them well, then remove the peel and centre of each. Take two ounces of chopped ham or tongue, ditto bread-crumbs, one ounce of butter, and a little cream. Mix all the ingredients well together, and fill the centre of each onion with the mixture, and arrange it so as to be pointed at the top. Place the stuffed onions on a baking sheet, and bake slowly for an hour, basting frequently with some good dripping. (*Reply to* AUSTRALIAN STRUGGLER.)

To Cure Insomnia, try a hot bath on going to bed, even on a hot night in summer, and I feel confident that you will find this more efficacious than the many drugs you have tried. (*Reply to* BATES.)

To my Correspondents. I am very anxious to answer all your letters, but if you will not favour me with your names and addresses, in many cases I am unable to deal with your questions, as they are not always suitable for this page.

Respecting Yeast. Like yourself, till lately I was ignorant that German yeast and compressed yeast were not the same article. I now know there is a great difference, and that I prefer "Compressed Flat Yeast," which I obtain wherever I am, is prepared by the Distiller's Company, Limited, Edinburgh. If you write to me again I can send you some excellent recipes for using this. (*Reply to* ARMENIAN GIRL, Southampton.)

Chicken Jelly is a useful and dainty way of using up the remains of a cold fowl. First cut the scraps of meat from the bones, break the bones and place them in a saucepan with the liver, neck, etc., an onion, and some herbs, wrapt in a bay leaf. Stew gently for three hours. Strain the stock carefully, remove the fat, add the chicken, and simmer gently for half an hour. Grease a mould, and line it with slices of hard-boiled eggs, arrange the meat in it, pour in the stock (nearly cold), put a plate over it, and set to cool. Turn out when cold, and garnish prettily.

Lancashire Hot Pot should be made from this recipe:—Cut one pound of beef and mutton into neat pieces, dip into flour, pepper, and salt, nicely mixed. Place half of the meat at the bottom of a dish, then a layer of sliced onion and about one pound of potatoes sliced and parboiled. Repeat the layers, pour over half a pint of water or stock, and cover all up with a greased paper. Bake in a slow oven for two hours, then remove the buttered paper so as to allow the top layer of potatoes to brown. Cold meat may be used instead of fresh, and makes a really nice dish. (*Reply to* LASSIE.)

Method in Housekeeping, we see, as we grow older, is more and more essential in maintaining a comfortable home. Besides there being a day set apart for cleaning each room, bright ware, etc., there should be one when the housekeeper devotes a couple of hours to consider the menu for the week, writing down at the same time what will be necessary to order so as to carry out all plans successfully. This method will save a great deal of trouble in the long run, and will also ensure a greater variety of food being placed on the table. Where this little suggestion is not followed, I see the same staple dish appear at table far too frequently. It would be useless here for me to offer a week's menu to my readers, for, on account of the various habits of living, etc., etc., it would be impossible to do it satisfactorily. I would strongly urge upon my readers who give this suggestion a trial, to collect all their cookery books together, and note on the week's menu the book and number of page from whence such a recipe is to be obtained. It is also a good plan to have a different kind of cooking each day, if possible; thus, a stew left over from one day need not be served the next, but kept for a day or two, when it will appear as a new dish. The same applies to many dishes, meats, and puddings. Where there is a family of children I would urge the housekeeper to bear in mind that boiled and baked suet puddings are excellent in every way for young people.

Isobel

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All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, Jan. 18, if intended for the Issue on sale Feb. 3, and dated Feb. 10.

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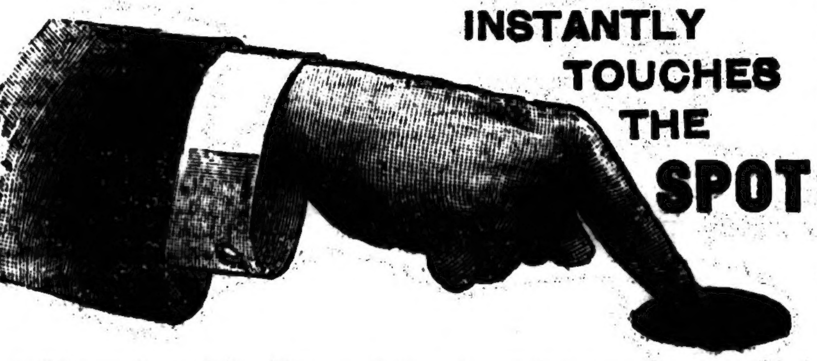
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Your Clothes beautifully sweet, wholesome, lily-white, and fresh as sea breezes if soaked and washed with

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Afflicted with Neuralgia, Lumbago, Paralysis, Convulsions, Bruises, Strained Muscles, Pains in Joints, Aches and Sprains, Eczema, Burns, Tooth-Ache, Face-Ache, Chilblains, Piles, Boils, Ulcers, Stings, Chaps, and all kindred ills and complaints.

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Has successfully tried "Homocea" in a painful case of bleeding piles. Writing from Mount Juliet, Thomas Town, he says:—"I suffered from this distressing malady for five months, during which time I tried various remedies, Hazeline, Ruspini, Styptic, Mist Gall, an ointment prepared by the Doctor, and had caustic applied twice, but without any relief. I was advised to undergo a severe operation under ether as the only cure. At last I tried Homocea, and in two or three days I found the healing had begun, and in a fortnight I was cured. I strongly advise all who suffer from this most distressing malady to give Homocea a trial."

"Homocea" should be in every Cottage, Palace, Workshop, Barracks, Police-station, Hospital, and Institution—and wherever a Pain-Relieving, Soothing, and Curative Lubricant is likely to be required. No discovery in the world of Healing remedies has had such high testimony.

"Homocea" is sold by all Dealers at 1/1½ and 2/9 per box, or will be sent on receipt of P.O. for 1/3 and 3/. from the Agency, 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead. (Hooper, London Bridge, sells it.)

A HAIR PIN Without Points HAS GOOD POINTS !!!

SEE THE POINT?



Hinde's "Pyr Point" Hair Pin.

CAN'T SCRATCH THE HEAD AND WON'T FALL OUT.

EACH STORE AND WAREHOUSE KNOWS ALL ABOUT THEM.

THEY COST YOU EXACTLY SAME PRICE AS OLD SORT.

PATENTED AT HOME & ABROAD.

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This Guide

This interesting book is written by a London Physician for the guidance of those who suffer from Weak Stomach, Flatulency, or any form of Indigestion and Nervousness. Attention to the simple rules given will surely secure sound health and strength.

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What to Avoid."



A copy will be forwarded gratis and post paid to every applicant. Simply send your name and address, mentioning *Pearson's Weekly*. Guy's Tonic Company, 6, Sloane Square, London, S.W.

In addition to other useful information, the Guide contains special articles on Drinking Fluid with Meals, How to prepare Tea for Dyspeptics, Notes on Coffee, Alcohol, Smoking, Sleep after Food, When and What to Eat, Diet Table for Reducing Weight, Diet Table for Increasing Weight, a Table of the Chief Articles of Food, with the Time each takes to Digest.

HAIR & SCALP DISEASES.

DR. HORN, F.S.Sc., Lond., gives sound practical advice personally, or by letter, on BALDNESS, GREYNESS, BALD PATCHES, SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, &c. Fee 5s. Send full particulars, and stamped directed envelope to DR. HORN, F.S.Sc., Newport, Isle of Wight.

THE "MARIE" HAIR WAVER



GOLD WATCHES FREE.

In recognition of the unparalleled success of the "Marie" Hair Waver, which waves the hair quickly, beautifully, permanently, with or without heat, and which does not injure the most delicate hair,

Madame Marie will give Away FIVE GOLD and TEN OXIDISED WATCHES (made by Yabsley, of Ludgate Hill, where they may be seen) amongst the first 2,000 purchasers of her "Hair Waver" who send direct from them between January 10th and April 30th, 1894, in the order of their purchase, as follows:—

An Oxidised Watch with Brooch will be given to the 25th, 150th, 350th, 500th, 810th, 990th, 1,440th, 1,625th, 1,901st, and 2,000th, whilst a Gold Watch will be given to the 105th, 706th, 1,212th, 1,506th, and 1,868rd purchaser.

The Gold Watches are keyless half-hunters, fully jewelled, gold balance, 18-carat hall-marked cases, highly finished horizontal movement, guaranteed quality. The Oxidised Watches are keyless, fully jewelled movement, gold balance, crystal glass over movement to protect from dust, fancy dial, together with an Oxidised Brooch. Each Watch will be accompanied by a full guarantee from J. B. Yabsley, of 72, Ludgate Hill, E.C., and the gold ones will be handsomely engraved with the winner's name. You *should send at once.*

THE "MARIE" WAVERS are for sale by all Drapers, Hair Dressers, Fancy Dealers, &c., at 1/- per set, but as this competition is solely for the purpose of introducing them to new customers, it is only open to those who send 1/3 direct, on receipt of which a set will be forwarded Post Free. Be sure and write your name and address distinctly.

MADAME MARIE,
108, Fulham Road, London, S.W.

AT THE LECTURE



PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY: "Let me call your attention to a new substance, put up by A. Wasmuth, Pharmacist, Ottensen, in the form of Rings, which has the property of removing Corns painlessly in two or three days."

WASMUTH'S CORN RINGS

(IN THE WATCH),

The Celebrated Continental Corn Cure.

Beautifully Thin, can be worn with any shoe, Remove Pressure, and Cure the Corn in Two or Three Days.

1/1½ per Box, of all Chemists, or post free for 1/3 of the Wholesale Agents—

WARRICK BROTHERS, 18, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

RWICK'S BAKING POWDER

PERFECTLY PURE AND FREE FROM ALUM.

NNY, CHUBBY CHILDREN.

A Child in health requires pure air, sunshine, active exercise, and abundance of nutritious food. Given these, there must also be a healthy appetite, good digestion, and a full allowance of sleep. If either of these three important functions are at fault something is radically wrong, and the child should be given Infantina, a strengthening syrup, which will bring about an unquestionable improvement in the general health.

Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors at 1/1½ per bottle. If you cannot supply remit 15 stamps to The Infantina Company, 6, Sloane Square, and it will be sent post paid.

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The "William Tell" Air Pistol shoots rabbits, birds, etc. Will throw a shot over 50 yards. It is sent in case, complete with ammunition. No. 1, as illustrated, 3/9. No. 2, silver plated, 6/-. No. 3, invisible spring, vulcanite handle, extra powerful, 8/-. Remittances to be made by Money or Postal Orders (Money Orders preferred), payable at the Ealing, Castle Hill, P.O., and crossed London and South-Western Bank, Limited. Send two stamps for New Season Price List of Air Arms, Fire Arms, and Novelties. Magazine "Richmond" Air Rifle, 17/6.

F. H. DE BEARN,
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New and Fashionable size Writing Paper.

THE Duchess Note

A Perfect Writing Surface.
Specimens Free.
100 Sheets tastefully headed with Address in Gold or colour and 100 Wallet Envelopes for 2/- Post Free.
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Holborn Place, London.

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THE CHEAPEST WATCH ON THE EARTH.

A FULL-PLATE

ENGLISH LEVER 50/-

Fully Jewelled. Strong Silver Cases. Own make. Guaranteed for five years. Fit for a king. Thousands selling.

H. E. PECK,
City of London Watch Co.,
8, New Bridge St., London, E.C.

Agents wanted to form Clubs.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

THERE is little further to say this week with reference to the offer we made to supply One Hundred Free Treatments of Dr. Tyson's Cure for Drunkenness. The cases have all been selected, and in the majority of instances, the patients will, by the time this issue appears, have already been placed under treatment.

THIS week we will give the usual fifty copies of the smallest dictionary in the world, which contains 384 pages, and weighs only 44 grains, with magnifying glass and case, to the fifty persons who send in the best piece of verse of four lines, any metre. The lines to end with the following words:

Read—glories—need—stories.

Post early with coupon from first page of cover. Envelopes to be marked "Book."

MISS RACHAEL UPTON, of Plymouth, is the victim of one of Dame Nature's most wonderful freaks. A few years ago she sustained a severe blow on the right side of the head, which rendered her seriously ill for a time. When she became capable of resuming her household duties, she found that it was no longer possible for her to use her right hand as she had done before, and that its capabilities had all been transferred to the left. Miss Upton assures me that no inconvenience has resulted from the change, which necessitates her holding her cup, and her knife, and her pen in her left hand. The letter which I received was written in a round bold hand, and my correspondent tells me that it is exactly similar to the style of writing adopted by her before the accident took place.

GOGS asks: "Supposing *P. W.* went to pot, which would you rather be, a miner or a diver?"————Well, that's a queer sort of a question. Truth to tell, I never seriously contemplated *P. W.* "going to pot;" but it's always as well to be prepared for emergencies, so I have given careful consideration to your query, and have come to the conclusion that of the two professions you name I would rather be a diver. So far as I can make out, the dangers of working under water are greatly exaggerated, and if you do the thing properly there isn't any more risk in working at the bottom of the sea than there is in helping to build a house; and I assure you it's a far softer job than running a popular paper, only perhaps it doesn't pay quite so well, all things considered.

H. A. B., who is employed in one of our largest insurance offices, writes to tell me of a curious claim that was sent in to his company the other day. It appears that a lady residing in Bedford considered herself entitled to the sum of half a guinea, the value of a plum pudding and a saucepan that had been burnt in her kitchen. Of course the claim was not allowed, and the beauty of the thing was that the trouble all resulted from the omission of the cook to put any water in the saucepan.

HE matrimonially inclined will doubtless be interested in a problem which has been sent for my solution by a young lady who signs herself ARNISH, and about which she is apparently deeply concerned. If a girl has two lovers, whom we will call for convenience X. and Y., and supposing the one she likes best is not the one who likes her best, what ought she to do? X. is madly in love with her, and she would be madly in love with X. "were t'other dear charmer away." As it is, she won't marry X. because of Y., and she can't marry Y. because he won't ask her to, and is so wrapped up in the study of metaphysics, that he is absolutely impenetrable to hints. The position is certainly an awkward one. But it seems to me that there is only one way out of it. The girl ought to marry X. Waiting for Y. in the hope that he may realise what he is missing seems to be making a lottery of the thing, and lotteries, as we all know, are wrong.

H. R.—Your power of telling what the time is, without consulting a time-piece, or looking at the sun, is not so very uncommon I believe. I have a relative who can always tell the time within five minutes, however circumstanced, and without any guide whatever. She does not herself know how she does it. It is just a gift, and, unfortunately, an entirely unprofitable one.

SCARED, who is a clergyman, writes to tell me that he has been the victim of an unusually quaint piece of journalistic carelessness. On opening his local paper the other day he was astounded to find the announcement that his wife, who sat opposite him, calmly sipping her coffee, had presented him with triplets. He made inquiries into the matter and found that the story had been built up as follows:—His married sister and her two little children had come to pay a visit to his house. Their arrival was announced by society clattermags as "an addition of three to the clergyman's family"; and, of course, this, by the natural laws of gossip, became quickly transformed into a case of triplets, and a local correspondent, getting hold of the story, sent it to the newspaper.

I WONDER which of the readers of *P. W.* has met with the greatest variety of serious accidents? A prize of Two Guineas is offered to the reader who can prove himself to be this person. Statements should be as brief as possible, and should be accompanied by the names of two people who are prepared to confirm the particulars given. Attempts must reach these offices at latest by first post on Tuesday, Jan. 30, marked ACCIDENT.

THE prize of One Guinea which was offered three weeks ago to the Bell-Ringer who has assisted to ring in the New Year on a peal of church bells the greatest number of times has been sent to Mr. Robert Purdue, of Church Street, Overton, Hants. He has rung the Old Year out and the New Year in for no fewer than sixty-eight years, and we trust that he may live to perform the same service for many a year to come. Many others write to say that they have assisted at this ancient ceremony for over half a century. Bell-ringing evidently conduces to a long life.

IN reference to the reply which appeared in this page a few weeks ago concerning the fact that cigars are served out as part of the rations in the Italian Army, a reader who has spent many years in Italy writes to tell me that the soldiers there are allowed a couple of hours' sleep in the middle of the day, and that the time for this is fixed in the general orders.

A. B. AND OTHERS.—I am so often asked, What is the income of the Pope? that I am not in the least surprised to find no fewer than four people putting the question this week. I am afraid this page is used as a medium for the satisfaction of much needless curiosity, but it is very hard to know where to draw the line. There is no secret about the fact that the Pope's yearly income exceeds £600,000, including the numerous "thank-offerings" he receives every year from all parts of the world.

O. T. C. wonders whether a single storm ever affects the whole of Europe at one and the same time.————Not quite the whole of Europe perhaps, but very nearly. Storms are seldom less than 600 miles in diameter, and often of two, three, and even four times that size. The progressive motion of a storm as a rule varies from fifteen to forty miles an hour.

T. O. P. touches upon an interesting point by asking why white hair is so much more respected than a bald head.————Now this has long been a mystery to me. A comparatively young person with white locks is always supposed to have undergone some intense trouble, or to have applied himself too closely to hard work, whereas there are never any but unpleasant remarks about the young man who goes bald. You never hear a father entreat his wild son to venerate his bald head, nor do you ever hear a mother explain to her troublesome boy that he will bring her hairless cranium down in sorrow to the grave. To my mind it doesn't matter a rap whether the hair on a man's head loses its colouring matter and gets grey, or whether it comes out and he goes bald. It's the character of the man that ought to be respected or despised; not the whiteness of his locks or the smoothness of his pate, as the case may be.

ST. PATRICK says, quite justly, that it ought to be more widely known and recognised that Ireland was the first country in Europe to protest against the slave trade. At one of the native synods held in the eighth century a declaration was drawn up forbidding the import of slaves from England, and boldly condemning this inhuman traffic.

D. E.—I have noticed that the ordinary individual knows less of what goes on behind the scenes of the publishing trade than behind those of any other business in the world. And, like you, the majority have the most delightfully vague notions about the cost of producing the various books and periodicals which pour like a ceaseless stream from the printing press. It does not lie in my power to give you the exact figures you want. However, when I have said that an entirely new edition of Webster's Dictionary, which was brought out a few years ago, cost the firm which published it no less a sum than £30,000, you will be able to form an idea for yourself which will probably be close beside the mark.

APPARENTLY the experience which readers of *P. W.* have in time past gained in solving competitions of every degree of difficulty has not been wasted. Our latest novelty, the Letter Figure Competition has proved considerably easier than was anticipated, and the consequence is that nearly 2,000 persons have obtained the correct solution of Competition No. 1, namely, the word "Falconet," which totals 16,489,537. Now it is a physical impossibility to divide five pounds into two thousand parts with any advantage either to successful competitors or to ourselves. I do not wish to withhold the prize of £5 altogether, and must therefore ask all those competitors who sent in the word "Falconet," and who are willing to make another attempt to win the prize offered, to enter a further competition. The Five Pounds will be given for the best anagram on the following words: "A Good Way of Winning Five Pounds." Anagrams must reach this office at latest by first post on Thursday, January 25th. Letters to be marked "Anagram." Only those who sent in the word "Falconet" in Letter Figure Competition No. 1 are allowed to compete. The competition has now been made more difficult.

TAPESTRY hangings did not go out of fashion until the reign of George II. This exciting piece of information is given in answer to a correspondent in Norwood who has forgotten to give his name, initials, or *nom de plume*.

D. P. L. asks if any wild cats are still to be found in Great Britain. If so, where?————I don't fancy that any exist in England, but in the north of Scotland a certain number make the night hideous with their music (for they, like their domestic brethren, can sing quite nicely). A member of the staff who was up in Scotland a short time ago had a couple offered him at a sovereign each; but they seemed so utterly untamable that he declined the offer.

EXHIBITOR wishes me to say something to correct the impression that running a phonograph is a sure way to riches. He says that statements have appeared in several papers to the effect that from £12 to £20 a week can be earned by a man who takes one of these instruments to populous districts. My correspondent, who claims that he works as hard as anyone can, has, at the best, been only just able to pay expenses, during a trip with a phonograph, in the big Yorkshire towns, and up to Thursday of the week in which he wrote had only taken 2s. 11d., as the weather had been bad and he had been unable to hire a shop. I can't, of course, say whether this is an isolated experience, but at any rate, it fails to make showing a phonograph seem a very profitable form of employment.

W. T. F. sends me some newspaper cuttings which go to show that the Mayoress of York is not alone in having a chain of office, as a similar article was presented to the Mayoress of Lewes in commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. I imagine that these are the only two instances of the kind in the kingdom.

THE recent article called THE CRITICAL DAYS OF [illegible] seems to have aroused a considerable amount of interest, judging from the number of letters it has elicited. Many of them are from gentlemen who share with Dr. Falb the belief that they are able to predict the course which atmospheric and other disturbances are likely to take during the coming year, but W. B. sends the following rather unkind attempt to explain Dr. Falb's methods, and I am bound to say that he [illegible] looks a reasonable one:—

It was with the greatest interest I read the article. I may as well state at once that I am not a believer in any such predictions of this kind. I will give you my idea how the learned doctor arrived at his conclusions. Putting aside the fact that he has been studying the subject for [illegible] years, it strikes me as being peculiar that the "oceans of air" as he calls them, occur as nearly as possible every fortnight. This is peculiar, to say the least of it. The reason, however, is obvious. By so doing he gives twenty-five dates, as nearly as possible divided equally the whole year. Then he admits that the critical event may occur either two days before or after, which gives him days on which critical events may happen. Now if any event happened between these dates, nothing would be easier than to say that, owing to extra serious disturbance, the event took place four or six days before or after his predicted date. Whereas if the event happened on one of the [illegible]—as by the law of chances it ought to in one case out of three—he gets all the honour and glory, if aught there be.

I HAVE got into terrible hot water over that article published the other day called THE LAST [illegible] MR. CLERK, in which it was politely intimated that the resignation of the lady clerk would be acceptable. The ladies don't want to resign, and what is more they say they are not going to. It was pointed out in the article that they are cutting their own throats by underselling and ousting the man clerk, but the feminine mind is such a wholly unintelligible thing that this bit of logic does not appeal to them. Of course there are a certain number of girls who would be starving and their families too if they did not do clerical work; we all know that, and no one likes better than I to see them putting their shoulders to the wheel. But as I said in the article, and as I still think, a woman's proper sphere is her home, and it has also been proved by statistics that the majority of lady clerks are lady clerks not from necessity, but from ambition and discontent.

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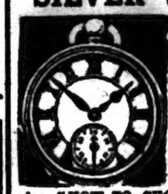
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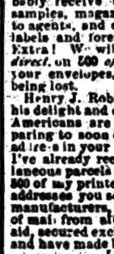
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Almost every paper in the United Kingdom has bestowed unlimited praise on these remarkable Costumes, which are

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A fabric of great durability and world-wide fame. These costumes are supplied complete, as illustration, for the ridiculously low price of **10/6** each. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra.

Colours: Navy, Brown, Grenat, Myrtle, Reseda, or Black.

Every Costume is well made throughout, no slop work whatever being allowed, and consists of a Blouse shape Bodice, pleated back and front, with full sleeves, bound seams, and belt attached; the saddle and sleeves are well lined, and the bodice can be worn inside or outside the skirt, which is a full stylish shape (40 ins. long), with a deep inside facing of the same material at the bottom, thus ensuring extra advantage in wear. The lower part of the skirt, and the cuffs, collar, and saddle of bodice are trimmed with rows of narrow Black Russia Braid, the whole thus forming one of the neatest and most serviceable Costumes ever introduced for Ladies' wear.

The sizes kept in stock will fit any figure up to 38 ins. round the bust under arms. Larger or special sizes made to order at a cost of 1/6 extra.

☞ *Don't make any mistake, John Noble's price,* **10/6**, *is not for the mere Dress Length, but for the Complete Costume made up and ready for immediate*

The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart says—"Without exception the most marvellous dresses we have ever seen are those of Cheviot Serge sold by Mr. John Noble at 10s. 6d. The material is sound and not at all common looking, while the dresses are thoroughly complete, even to the insertion of a pocket in the skirt, and the bodices are nicely finished."

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Spring Road, Portswood, Southa C—— begs to acknowledge rece containing the 10s. 6d. Cheviot S which she is much pleased with extremely nice and well made for t

HUNDREDS OF LADIES come to the Warehouse daily, to buy these marvellous Costumes, and **VISITORS TO MANCHESTER** are cordially invited to call and see for themselves what the **JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE COSTUMES** are like.

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Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	45 inches.
Price	1/6	2/-	2/6	3/-	3/6	4/-	4/6	5/-	5/6 each.

Postage 4½d. extra. **Every purchaser delighted.** The Lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

If you have a young girl, just try a Knockabout Frock. Nothing could be better for school or regular wear, and if the frock fails to please cash will be promptly refunded.

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Is undoubtedly the Most Successful Serge yet produced at a low price for Ladies' and Children's wear. Many Serges are sold at a similar price, but in almost every instance there is a peculiar appearance of the surface that stamps them at once as being of common or cheap character. The combination, however, of certain yarns used in the manufacture of the John Noble Cheviot Serge (the outcome of long and careful experiments) has resulted in the perfected production of a fabric that has **never been equalled at the price**: in fact, a Serge that, so far as wear and general appearance go, might reasonably be said to be **worth anywhere between 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. the yard.** It is manufactured from expressly prepared yarns, woven, dyed, and finished in a manner that places it altogether beyond competition as a fabric of **great durability and sterling value.** Such a useful, reliable, and good-looking material has certainly never before been offered at anything approaching the low price at which John Noble is offering this Serge. The colours are perfectly fast, and do not spot with rain; every yard is beautifully finished, being carefully examined before it is allowed to leave the works, and last, but not least, this Serge may be washed whenever necessary. Being extra double width (52 inches), it cuts to the best advantage in making garments, and every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* can secure

PRESENTS that are useful are always more acceptable than articles made only to look at, and what can be more acceptable as a seasonable gift to a lady or child than one of the JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE COSTUMES?

A FULL DRESS LENGTH OF SIX YARDS FOR 7/6

Postage 9d. extra. Colours: Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda, or Black.

REMEMBER, The **JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE** is a thick, warm, and durable tailor serge, that **WEARS WELL, LOOKS WELL,** and **COSTS SO LITTLE** that every lady should give it a trial, especially as the risk is so small, for John Noble guarantees to refund cash to any purchaser who is not perfectly satisfied on receipt of goods, and he could not afford to do this unless he had the greatest confidence that every purchaser will be simply delighted with the extraordinary value.

The Gentlewoman says:—"How he can afford to do it I really cannot imagine, for the Serge is of such capital quality."
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Send a Postcard **for** illustrations of **John Noble's** New & **Seasonable** Designs **in** Costumes **for Ladies'** and **Children's** wear. They **are** exceedingly **pretty** and decidedly **cheap.**

☞ John Noble has just introduced a **Lady's Fashionable Costume Skirt** made in the New Bell Shape from the above Serge. This style is trimmed with two rows of broad black Military Braid, and turned up at the bottom with a deep facing of the same Serge, thus ensuring greater durability in wear; and the Skirt is supplied complete in any of the colours as above for the low price of **3/6**. Packed in box and sent carriage paid for 9d. extra. A beautifully finished Skirt that could not be bought for double the price at any ordinary costumier's. **Ladies' Cheviot Serge Underskirts** (38 ins. long, in any of the above colours), with shaped band, and trimmed five rows of stitching, are also supplied for the ridiculous price of **3/6** each, postage 6d. extra. *Excellence of make guaranteed.*



Model 2.

GIRLS' REEFER OUTFITS,

As illustration, Model 2, are also made in the John Noble Cheviot Serge; colours, Navy Blue and Black only. This style has proved one of the most successful ever introduced for Girl's wear, and consists of a double-breasted Reefer Jacket, very correctly made and finished, with gilt buttons, and lined through with Italian Cloth; also a Costume with full round kilted skirt, the bodice and skirt being prettily trimmed with rows of narrow white Braid. This smart, useful, and decidedly cheap outfit is highly recommended for present wear, as the dress and jacket can be worn together or separately. See sizes and prices as follows:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33	36 inches.
Price	6/6	7/6	9/-	10/9	12/6	14/6 each.

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GIRLS' VELVET TRIMMED COSTUME. ☞



As illustration, Model 64, with saddle top, full sleeves, and pocket. The skirt is made in a wide loose-fitting style, and prettily trimmed with a deep crossband of black velvet; the saddle and cuffs are of black velvet, and the pocket is trimmed with the same, the whole thus forming a very graceful little Costume. Colours: Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grenat, Reseda, or Black. Sizes and prices as follows:—

Lengths	21	24	27	30	33
Price	2/9	3/9	4/9	5/9	6/9
Lengths	36	39	42	45	
Price	7/9	8/9	9/9	10/9	

Postage 6d. extra.

The lengths stated are from top of neckband to bottom of skirt in front.

Great Thoughts says:—"All who have girls to clothe should certainly see the Cheviot Serge Frocks manufactured by John Noble. The prices are marvellously cheap; indeed it is difficult to see how the material alone could be got for the money. Described by *Myra's Journal* as 'The Knockabout Frock par excellence.'"

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